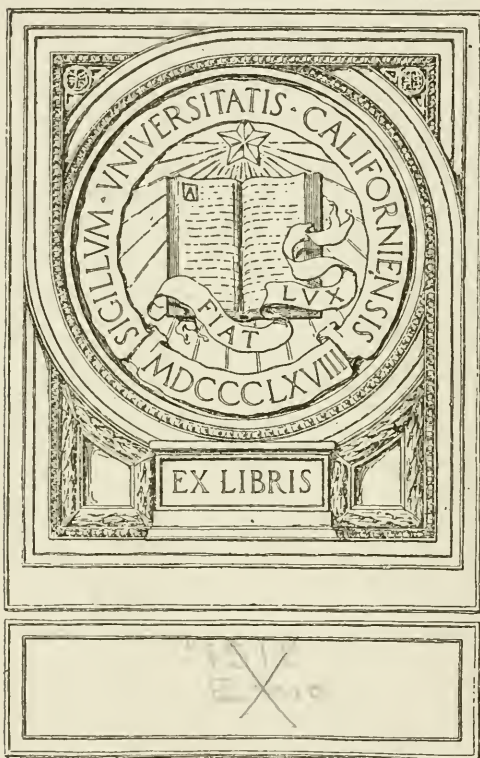


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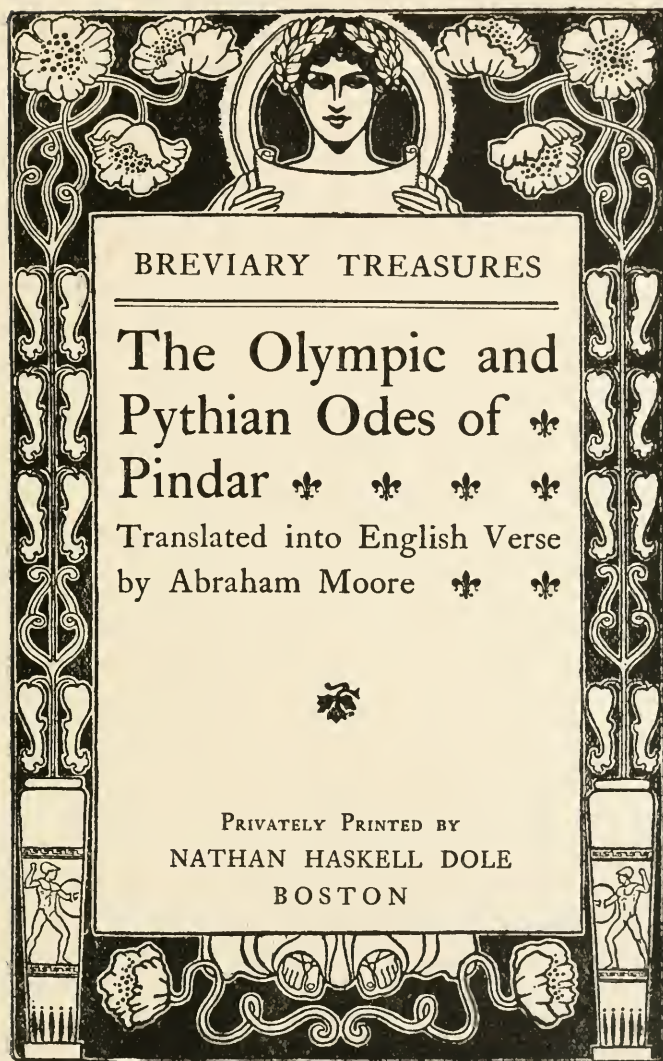
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TO VIRGIL
AMBROSLIAO



UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA



BREVIARY TREASURES

The Olympic and
Pythian Odes of ♣
Pindar ♣ ♣ ♣ ♣

Translated into English Verse
by Abraham Moore ♣ ♣



PRIVATELY PRINTED BY
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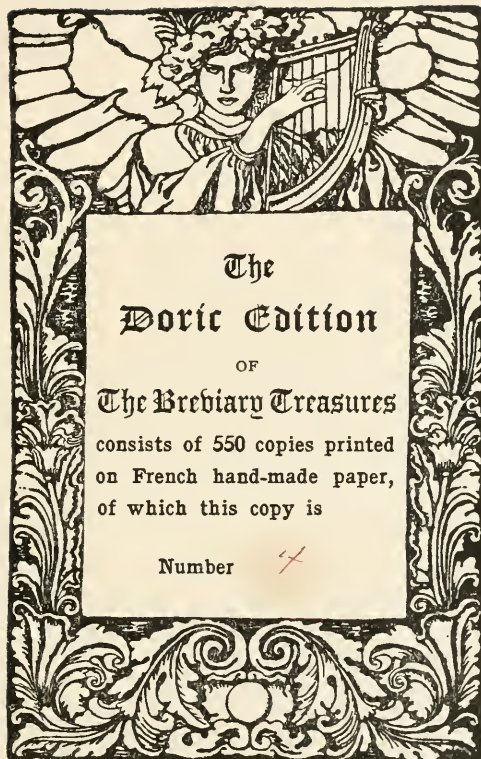
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INTRODUCTION

PINDAR, the most illustrious of the lyric poets of Greece, was born at Kynoskephale, near Thebes, in Bœotia, about 520 B. C. The pretty legend of the prophetic bees settling on his infant lips and leaving their honey there, hints at his early inclination for music and poetry. His mother, Myrto or Myrtis, herself a lyric poet, first taught him to combine simplicity and elegance in his verse. Later the beautiful Corinna became his instructor. He was taught to play the lyre by Lasos of Hermione, famous as a musician and dithyrambic poet. When very young he went to the court of Alexander, son of Amyntas, King of Macedon, and there overcame

Myrtis in a musical contest, but was five times defeated by Corinna.

That was a golden day for poets. Not only the people but also the kings and tyrants appreciated their art, and Pindar soon won a reputation that spread over the whole civilized world.

King Hiero of Syracuse was his munificent patron when he celebrated Athens as the chief support of Greece, and Thebes out of resentment heavily fined him. The Athenians presented him with a sum double the amount of the fine and erected a brazen statue in his honour, representing him with a diadem and a lyre and a scroll folded on his knees.

The date of his death is not certainly known. He was either fifty-six or eighty-six when he passed away, sitting in a public assembly.

Quintilian said of him: "Of the nine Greek lyric poets, Pindar is the chief, in spirit, in magnificence, in moral sentiments, and in metaphor; most happy both in the abundance of his matter and of his diction; and, as it were, with a

certain torrent of eloquence, so that Horace believes no man can imitate him." This expressed the common opinion of antiquity. He was almost worshipped in his own day. His odes and hymns were chanted in the temples on solemn occasions, and the priestess at Delphi declared it was the will of Apollo that the poet should receive half of the first fruits annually offered at his shrine. When the Lacedæmonians took Thebes they spared Pindar's house and family, and the same consideration was shown by Alexander the Great.

Most of Pindar's works have perished, and unfortunately the remains do not represent him at his best. He wrote hymns and pæans in honour of the gods; songs with dance accompaniment in praise of Apollo; dithyrambic verses to Bacchus; odes for processions, songs for maidens, drinking songs, dirges, and panegyrics on princes, and the odes on the Olympic, Nemean, Isthmian, and Pythian games. Forty-five of these odes are extant, and with a few fragments enable us to judge of Pindar's genius.

4

It has been said of these odes : " No subjects, at first sight, could seem more unfitted for sublime poetry than those of the Pindaric remains ; but the poet has, with characteristic impetuosity, overcome this difficulty by the practice of abandoning the professed objects of his panegyric, and bursting into celebrations of the heroes of former days, the mighty exploits of demigods, and the gorgeous fables of oldest time. In the transition he uses little art, but seems to rely, as he safely might, on the change being, in itself, most welcome. He is chiefly remarkable for the gigantic boldness of his conceptions, and the daring sublimity of his metaphors, which stamp him the *Æschylus* of lyric poetry. The flights of his imagination are not, however, like those of the great tragedian, mingled with the intensity of human passion, which, while they carry us beyond ourselves, still come home to the heart.

" He has the light without the heat ; his splendours dazzle, but do not warm us. There is little of human feeling in his works ; they are little more than ex-

hibitions which excite our surprise, but not our sympathy. His compositions have something hard and stony about them — the sublimity and nakedness of the rock. The sunshine glitters on the top, but no foliage adorns the declivity. All the interest, such as it is, arises from the earnestness of the poet himself, and the intense ardour with which he is impelled in his lofty career.

“Hence we think more of him than of his work; while in Homer and the Greek tragedians the author is forgotten. His conception is so ardent that he cannot wait to develop his metaphors; he often but half unfolds them, and suffers them to blend with the literal descriptions, and form part of the subject; and hence, it appears to us, the obscurities so frequently complained of in Pindar have, in a great degree, arisen.

“In the mechanical composition of his odes, however, Pindar is by no means so irregular as some have been disposed to imagine. He commonly preserves the arrangement of strophe, antistrophe, and epode; and though the

construction of these varies in different odes, all the strophes and antistrophes in the same ode are framed on the same principles, and all the epodes are composed in similar measures to each other."

Müller in his "Literature of Ancient Greece" asserts that the very fact that these triumphal odes were more frequently transcribed than the other poems and were thus saved for posterity proves that there must have been some decided superiority in them, and he is consoled for the loss of the other kinds by the vast variety of their subject and style and their refined and elaborate structure.

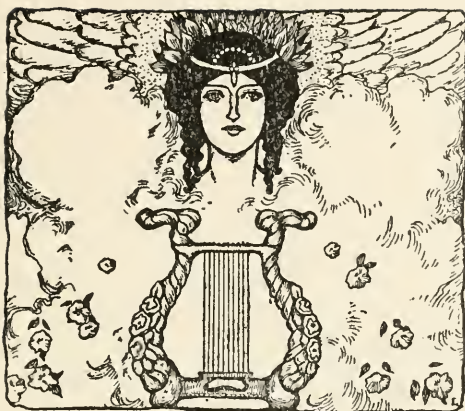
These odes commemorate victories won at the four great Greek games, either by speed of horses, strength and dexterity in running, wrestling or boxing, or skill in music. Such a victory shed lustre not only on the victor and his family but also on his native city, and demanded a celebration. "This celebration," says Müller, "might be performed by the victor's friends on the spot where the victory was gained; as, for example, at Olympia, when in the

evening after the termination of the contests, by the light of the moon, the whole sanctuary resounded with joyful songs after the manner of the encomia. Or it might be deferred until after the victor's solemn return to his native city, where it was sometimes repeated, in following years, in commemoration of his success. A celebration of this kind always had a religious character, it often began with a procession to an altar or temple, in the place of the games or in the native city; a sacrifice, followed by a banquet, was then offered at the temple, or in the house of the victor; and the whole solemnity concluded with the merry and boisterous revel called by the Greeks κῶμος. At this sacred and, at the same time, joyous solemnity (a mingled character frequent among the Greeks), appeared the chorus, trained by the poet, or some other skilled person, for the purpose of reciting the triumphal hymn, which was considered the fairest ornament of the festival. It was during either the procession or the banquet that the hymn was recited; as it was

not properly a religious hymn which could be combined with the sacrifice."

The translation here presented is by Mr. Abraham Moore, whose two privately printed volumes at one time belonged to the critic Hazlitt and, enriched with his notes, formed a part of the rare library of the late Thomas Wales of Boston, and were for a time in my possession. It is justly regarded as one of the ablest versions ever made from a classic author, and the pathetic story of the translator's life with its tragic ending gives it a peculiar interest and value.

N. H. D.



ODE I.

TO HIERO THE SYRACUSIAN

Victor in the Horse-race

STROPHE I.

WATER the first of elements we hold ;
And, as the flaming fire at night
Glowes with its own conspicuous light,
Above proud treasure shines transcendant
gold :

I

But if, my soul, 't is thy desire
For the Great Games to strike thy lyre,
Look not within the range of day
A star more genial to descry
Than yon warm sun, whose glittering ray
Dims all the spheres that gild the sky;
Nor loftier theme to raise thy strain
Than famed Olympia's crowded plain:
From whence, by gifted minstrels richly
wove,
The illustrious hymn, at glory's call,
Goes forth to Hiero's affluent hall,
To hail his prosperous throne and sing
Saturnian Jove.

ANTISTROPHE I.

Hiero the just, that rules the fertile field,
Where fair Sicilia's pastures feed
Unnumbered flocks, and for his meed
Culls the sweet flowers that all the vir-
tues yield.
Nor less renowned his hand essays
To wake the Muse's choicest lays,
Such as the social feast around
Full oft our tuneful band inspire —
But wherefore sleeps the thrilling sound?

Pluck from the peg thy Dorian lyre,
If Pisa's palms have charms for thee,
If Phœnicus' victory
Hath roused thee to the rapturous cares
 of song;
Tell us how swift the ungoaded steed
By Alpheus urged his furious speed,
And bore the distant prize from all the
 panting throng.

EPODE I.

Proud of his stud, the Syracusan king
Partook the courser's triumph. Through
 the plain
By Lydian Pelops won his praises ring —
Pelops of Neptune loved (whose watery
 reign
Bounds the wide earth, that trembles at
 his might),
Pelops, whose form the plastic Fate
 replaced,
And from the caldron bright
Drew forth with ivory shoulder graced.
Life teems with wonders: yet, in Reason's
 spite,
O'er the fond fascinating fiction, warm

From Fancy's pencil, hangs a charm
That more than Nature's self her painted
dreams delight.

STROPHE II.

For Taste, whose softening hand hath
power to give
Sweetness and grace to rudest things,
And trifles to distinction brings,
Makes us full oft the enchanting tale
receive
In Truth's disguise as Truth. The
day
Yet comes, Time's test, that tears away
The veil each flattering falsehood wears.
Beseems us then (for less the blame)
Of those that heed us from the spheres
Becoming marvels to proclaim.
Great son of Tantalus, thy fate
Not as the fablers I relate.
Thee with the Gods thy Sire's Siplyian
guest,
When they in turn beneath his bower
Purest repast partook, the Power
That wields the Trident seized, and
ravished from the feast.

ANTISTROPHE II.

Desire his breast had conquered. Up he
drove
His trembling prize of mortal mould
In radiant car with steeds of gold
To the highest mansion of all-honoured
Jove ;
With whom the Boy, from wondering
Ide
Rapt long before, like place supplied.
Her Pelops lost, her vanished son
Soon roused the frantic mother's care ;
No tidings came ; the search begun
In mystery ended in despair.
Forthwith some envious foe was found
Whispering the unseemly slander round,
" How all into the bubbling caldron cast
Thy mangled limbs were seethed, and
shred
In fragments on the table spread,
While circling Gods looked on and
shared the abhorred repast."

EPODE II.

Far be from me and mine the thought
 profane,
That in foul feast celestials could de-
 light!
Blasphemous tale! Detraction finds its
 bane
E'en in the wrong it works — If mortal
 wight
Heaven e'er hath honoured, 't was this
 Tantalus;
But soon from ill-digested greatness
 sprung
Presumption and abuse:
Thence from his towering fortunes
 flung
(Frightful reverse!) he fell. A ponder-
 ous rock
High o'er his head hung threatening
 (angry Jove
So judged him for his crimes above):
Where day and night he waits, dreading
 the expected shock.

STROPHE III.

Thus doomed is he life's hopeless load
to bear,
Torment unceasing ! Three beside,
Delinquents there, like pains abide.
He from the Immortals their ambrosial
fare,
The nectarous flood that crowned their
bowl,
To feast his earth-born comrades,
stole ;
Food, that, by their celestial grace,
Eternal youth to him had given.
Vain hope, that guilt by time or place
Can 'scape the searching glance of
heaven !
For this the blameless Son once more
Back to man's short-lived race they
bore ;
There, when fresh youth its blooming
flower had blown,
And round his chin the umbrageous
beard
Mature its manlier growth had reared,
From Pisa's Prince he sought, his
nuptial couch to crown,

ANTISTROPHE III.

The famed Hippodamè; whose charms
to gain,
The fond and furious father's pride,
At night's dark hour alone he hied
To the rough shore of the loud-bellow-
ing main,
And called the Trident-sceptred God,
Whose form forthwith beside him
stood :
" Oh ! if the endearing gifts," said he,
" The Cyprian sea-born Queen bestows,
Have still, great Neptune, grace with
thee,
Propitiate now thy suppliant's vows.
Arrest Ænomaüs' brazen spear,
To Elis guide my prompt career,
And bear me on thy swiftest chariot's
wheel
Victorious to the goal ; for he,
Slayer of suitors ten and three,
Still from his daughter's hope withholds
the bridal seal.

EPODE III.

“Majestic Danger calls but for the brave,
Trusts not the dastard’s arm : then why
 should man,
By life’s hard lot predestined to the grave,
Waste in the dark the unprofitable span,
And crouch in Age’s corner unrenowned,
Heaven’s noblest gifts untasted ? Power
 divine !
Grant thou the event be crowned,
This peril shall at least be mine.”
Thus he, with zeal not unregarded,
 speeds
His ardent prayer. The God his prayer
 embraced,
Gave him his car with gold enchaced,
And roused the unwearied plumes that
 winged the immortal steeds.

STROPHE IV.

Ænomaüs’ power the exulting youth
 o’erthrows :
The virgin spouse his arms entwine ;
From whose soft intercourse, a line
By all the virtues nurst, six warriors rose.

Now in rich pomp and solemn state
His dust heroic honours wait.
Where Alpheus laves the hallowed glade,
His tomb its ample range displays,
And gifts by many a stranger laid
High on his crowded altar blaze;
But most from proud Olympia's drome,
On distant realms, on times to come,
Shines Pelops' fame. There Speed demands his crown,
Toil-mastering Strength the muscle strains,
And conquerors pass life's proud remains
On Virtue's tranquil couch, the slumber
of renown.

ANTISTROPHE IV.

Such is the Champion's meed: the constant good,
That lives beyond the transient hour,
Of all that Heaven on man can shower,
Most fires his hope, most wakes his gratitude:
But now 't is mine, the strain to raise,
And swell the Equestrian Hero's praise,
To crown with loud Æolian song

A Prince, whose peer the spacious earth
Holds not its noblest chiefs among,
Boasts not in wisdom, power and worth,
A host more gifted, to display,
Through all the mazes of the lay.
Hiero, some guardian god thy fame sustains,
And makes thee his peculiar care ;
If long thy deeds his smiles shall share,
A loftier flight I 'll soar, and warble
sweeter strains.

EPODE IV.

Then high on Cronium's peak my post
shall be ;
There, as a poet's glance informs my
soul,
First in the burning race thy steeds to see,
Thy bounding chariot whirl thee to the
goal.
Then shall the Muse her strongest javelin
fling ;
'Bove all the ranks of greatness at the
top
Shines the consummate king —
Beyond that height lift not thy hope.

Be thine in that bright station long to
bear
Thy upright course; mine, with the
conquering band,
To take my honourable stand,
And 'mong the bards of Greece the palm
of genius wear.





ODE II.

TO THERON OF AGRIGENTUM

Victor in the Chariot-race

STROPHE I.

HYMNS, that rule the living lyre,
What god, what hero shall we sing?
What mortal's praise the strain in-
spire? —

Jove is Pisa's guardian king:
Hercules the Olympiad planned,
Trophy of his conquering hand:

But Theron, whose bright axle won,
With four swift steeds, the chariot
crown,
Noblest of hosts, our song shall grace,
The prop of Agrigentum's fame,
Flower of an old illustrious race,
Whose upright rule his prospering states
proclaim.

ANTISTROPHE I.

Prest with ills, yon sacred pile,
Yon stream his fathers held, and shone
The eyes of all Sicilia's isle.
Inborn virtue was their own :
Public favour, wealth and power
Reached them in their destined hour.
But thou, that rulest the Olympian
dome,
Saturnian son of Rhea's womb,
God of the noblest games divine,
And Alpheus' stream that wanders
near,
Soothed with our song, to all his line
Vouchsafe their Sire's dominion long
to bear.

EPODE I.

Virtue's achievement, Folly's crime,
Whate'er of guilt or good the past has
 known,
Not e'en the Sire of all things, mighty
 Time,
Hath power to change, or make the
 deed undone.
But, when the prosperous hour returns,
O'er woes long wept Oblivion softly lays
Her shadowy veil; and from the heart
 that mourns,
By goodlier joys subdued, the inveterate
 bane decays.

STROPHE II.

Thus rewarding Heaven and Fate
Exalted bliss at length bestow;
As Cadmus' daughters, throned in state,
Teach the moral strain to show.
Great their ills; but heaviest woe
Mightier good can soon o'erthrow:
For Semelè, once to vengeance given,
Now waves her flowing locks in
 Heaven;

She, by the rattling thunder slain,
To Pallas dear, carest by Jove,
Among the Olympians lives again,
And meets her Ivied Boy's requited love.

ANTISTROPHE II.

Bosomed in the briny deep,
'Mong Nereids green, as story tells,
While Time his circling course shall
 keep,
Aye immortal Ino dwells.
'T is not given for man to know
When pale Death shall strike the blow,
Nor e'en if one serener Day,
The Sun's brief child, shall pass away
Unclouded as it rose. The waves
Of life with ceaseless changes flow,
And, as the tempest sleeps or raves,
Bring triumph or disaster, weal or woe.

EPODE II.

The Genius, thus, whose power upholds
The prosperous destiny of Theron's race,
And sends them wealth from heaven, a
 scene unfolds,

In times long past, of vengeance and
disgrace —
Vengeance from that ill-omened hour
When son and sire in foul encounter
met;
And all, that Pythian threat denounced
of yore,
In Laius' murder mixt, consistent and
complete.

STROPHE III.

Quick the sharp-eyed Fury flew,
And, as the strife she stirred, apace
Kindred their warlike kindred slew;
Social bloodshed thinned the race.
Polynices bit the ground;
Sole Thersander lived, renowned
In youthful game or martial fray,
Of brave Adrastus' house the stay.
Sprung from that old heroic sire,
Ænesidamus bids us raise
The applauding lay, and sweep the
lyre
Through all its thrilling chords in
Theron's praise.

ANTISTROPHE III.

'Midst Olympia's shouting bands
With the proud prize himself was
crowned;
While rival wreaths from Isthmian
hands
Waved his brother's temples round;
Fortune's favourite! o'er his brow
Blended hung the Pythian bough.
With fourfold team in rapid race
Twelve times he scoured the circling
space:
Before Success the Sorrows fly.
And Wealth more bright with Virtue
joined,
Brings golden Opportunity,
The sparkling star, the sun-beam of
mankind;

EPODE III.

Brings to the rich man's restless heart
Ambition's splendid cares. No less he
knows
The day fast comes when all men must
depart,

And pay for present pride in future
woes.
The deeds that frantic mortals do
In this disordered nook of Jove's
domain,
All meet their meed; and there's a
Judge below
Whose hateful doom inflicts the inevi-
table pain.

STROPHE IV.

O'er the Good soft suns the while
Through the mild day, the night serene,
Alike with cloudless lustre smile,
Tempering all the tranquil scene.
Theirs is leisure; vex not they
Stubborn soil or watery way,
To wring from toil want's worthless
bread:
No ills they know, no tears they shed,
But with the glorious Gods below
Ages of peace contented share.
Meanwhile the Bad with bitterest woe
Eye-startling tasks, and endless tortures
wear.

ANTISTROPHE IV.

All, whose stedfast virtue thrice
Each side the grave unchanged hath stood
Still unseduced, unstained with vice,
They by Jove's mysterious road
Pass to Saturn's realm of rest,
Happy isle that holds the blest ;
Where sea-born breezes gently blow
O'er blooms of gold that round them
 glow,
Which Nature boon from stream or
 strand
Or goodly tree profusely pours ;
Whence pluck they many a fragrant
 band,
And braid their locks with never-fading
 flowers.

EPODE IV.

Such Rhadamanthus' mandate wise :
He on the judgment-bench, associate
 meet,
By ancient Saturn sits, prompt to advise,
The spouse of Rhea, whose high throne
 is set

Above all powers in Earth or Heaven.
Peleus and Cadmus there high honours
crown;
The like to great Achilles largely
given
With prayers from yielding Jove persua-
sive Thetis won.

STROPHE V.

Hector he, the pillar of Troy
By mightiest arms unmoved, o'erthrew,
And bright Aurora's Æthiop boy :
He the godlike Cycnus slew —
On my quivered arm I bear
Many an arrow swift and rare ;
Dealt to the wise delight they bring,
To vulgar ears unmeaning ring.
Genius his stores from nature draws ;
In words not wit the learned shine ;
Clamorous in vain, like croaking daws,
They rail against the bird of Jove divine.

ANTISTROPHE V.

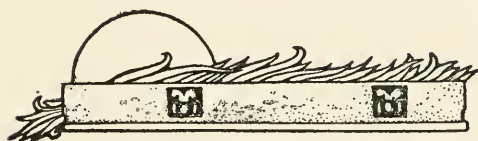
Heed not thou their envious tongue,
Straight to the mark advance thy bow ;

Whither, brave spirit, shall thy song
Throw the shaft of glory now?
Lo it flies, by Justice sent,
Full at famous Agrigent;
While truth inspires me thus to
swear,
That Time shall waste his hundredth
year
Ere race or realm a King shall raise,
Whose liberal heart, whose loaded
hand
Shall paragon with Theron's praise,
Or strew, like his, its blessings through
the land.

EPODE V.

Yet e'en his virtues to assail
Hath headstrong Envy spurred injus-
tice forth.
Plotting with hostile arm, and slanderous
tale,
To hide in mischief's shade the lamp
of worth.
But, if the numberer toils in vain
To count the sands that heap the wave-
worn beach;

The joys, the graces of his bounteous
reign
What memory can record? What soar-
ing song can reach?





ODE III.

TO THE SAME THERON

STROPHE I.

To please the bright-haired Helen, and
the Twins
Of Tyndarus, gods of hospitable love,
With Agrigent's renown my boast be-
gins ;

While wreaths for Theron from the
Olympian grove,
Borne by the unwearied steeds away,
I twine. For this beside me stood
The inspiring Muse, and to the
Dorian mood
Tuned for her glorious choir my new-
embellisht lay.

ANTISTROPHE I.

Those high-tost heads, with glittering
chaplets bound,
Challenge my spirit to this task divine,
The shrill-toned pipe, the varying lyre to
sound
In full concordance to the swelling
line,
Which thus, Ænesidamus, throws
On thy brave son its mingled praise —
Applauding Pisa too demands my
lays,
Whence many a heaven-taught hymn
for conquering champions flows :

EPODE I.

Champions, whose brows the Ætolian
seer,
That gives the Herculean mandates old,
The Game's unerring arbiter,
Bids Victory's graceful prize enfold :
He round their locks the silvery olive
flings ;
Whose leaves of yore Amphitryon's son,
To frame Olympia's matchless crown,
From freezing regions brought, and
Ister's shadowy springs.

STROPHE II.

He the Hyperborean tribes and chief-
tains wild,
That bend the knee before Apollo's
shrine,
Peaceful besought ; and with persuasion
mild,
To form his Sire's capacious grove
divine,
The conqueror's wreath, the stranger's
shade,
Won the fair plant : for on the plain

Jove's altar smoked, and from her golden
wain
The Moon with rounded orb, Eve's
radiant eye displayed.

ANTISTROPHE II.

Then too, the pure Tribunal to preside
At his Great Games, the proud Quin-
quennial Feast
'Stablisht had he by Alpheus' sacred
tide;
Yet not, as now, then waved the Cro-
nian waste
With woods umbrageous; but on high,
When Pelops held his ruder reign,
The dazzling sun-beam smote the un-
sheltered plain;
'T was then the tracts he sought, that
skirt the Arctoic sky.

EPODE II.

Him there Latona's huntress-child
From fair Arcadia's vales received,
Deep winding vales and mountains
wild;

What time by stern Eurystheus grieved
Necessity, that bound his Sire in
 heaven,
Tasked him in that bleak waste to
 find
The golden-horned and sacred hind,
To chaste Orthosia's shrine by fair
 Atlantis given.

STROPHE III.

Bent on the search, beyond where
 Boreas brewed
His wintry blast, wondrous the realm
 he found,
Their groves with fond desire admir-
 ing viewed,
And thence, his Hippodrome's twelve-
 circled round
To shade, the adopted plant removed.
Still with the godlike Twins, of yore
Whom Leda's ample zone prolific
 bore,
Oft to that feast he comes, and cheers
 the toils he loved.

ANTISTROPHE III.

Them, when the Hero mounted to the
spheres,
To guard his Games, where might for
mastery strives
With might, and skill the raging chariot
steers,
He charged: to them my soul for
Theron gives
The glory of the dazzling prize:
Them, lords and lovers of the race,
The Emmenian Tribe salutes, their
favouring grace
With costliest banquets won, and fre-
quent sacrifice.

EPODE III.

Such their rewards, whose customs
most,
Whose hearts the Gods in reverence
hold.
As water still is Nature's boast,
And all Earth's treasures yield to
gold,
Theron hath reached the liminary main,

And touched with virtues all his own,
The Herculean pillars of renown,
Wit's, Folly's farthest bound, where song
pursues in vain.





ODE IV.

TO PSAUMIS OF CAMARINA

Victor in the Chariot-race

STROPHE

O THOU, that drivest in clouds above
The impetuous thunder, mighty Jove!
Me with my lyre and varying strain
Thy circling Hours have sent again
Their tuneful witness, to proclaim

The glories of thy matchless Game.
At Virtue's weal the just rejoice, and bless
The tidings of a friend's success.
But thou, Saturnian King, that dost display
Through Ætna's range thy partial sway ;
Beneath whose huge tempestuous cone
The hundred heads of Typhon groan,
O hear the advancing choir prolong,
Moved by the Graces, their triumphal
song :

ANTISTROPHE

'T is Virtue's lamp, whose living rays,
Wide as her rule, for ever blaze ;
Lo where it beams in Psauis' car
That bears the Olympian braid from
far,
In haste the blooming glory now
To bind on Camarina's brow.
Heaven speed his future vows, as now
my lays
With note sincere his virtues praise.
His boast to rear, to rule the panting
steed :
All guests his plenteous banquets feed :

While with pure heart he wooes the
hand
Of genial Peace to bless the land.
Ne'er shall untruth these lips profane;
Trial's the only test, that proves the
man.

EPODE

This from the Lemnian dames' abuse
Redeemed the son of Clymenus :
At his gray locks their taunts they
played ;
But when in brazen arms arrayed
The incumbered race with ease he won,
And calmly claimed the unquestioned
crown,
To much abashed Hypsipylè, " Even me
First of the swift, behold," said he,
" Nor less in strength and prowess : age's
snow
On youth's fair front will sometimes
grow ;
But he, that does the deeds of manhood's
prime,
May without blame look old before his
time."



ODE V.

TO THE SAME PSAUMIS OF CAMARINA

*Victor in the Race of Chariots drawn by
Mules*

STROPHE I.

THE flower of all the Olympian boughs,
That bind exalted Virtue's brows,
Take, Camarina, with delight ;
Take, shining Daughter of the Sea,

What the swift mules, the chariot bright,
The conquering Psaumis brings to thee.
Destined thy peopled state to raise
He, at the Gods' high Festival,
On six joint hearths his offering lays,
While incense fumes and victims fall.
There five bright days, renown to
gain,
Skill, Bravery, Strength, the strife
maintain:
There yoked or mounted, mule and
steed
Through all the swift career
Contest the panting prize of speed.
Thee Acron's son proclaiming there,
Hath proudly given to everlasting fame
His country's rising towers, his Sire's
ennobled name.

STROPHE II.

Returned from that delightful plain
Ænomaüs' once and Pelops' reign,
Minerva's shrine, whose fostering
power
Guards his young state, he hallows
now,

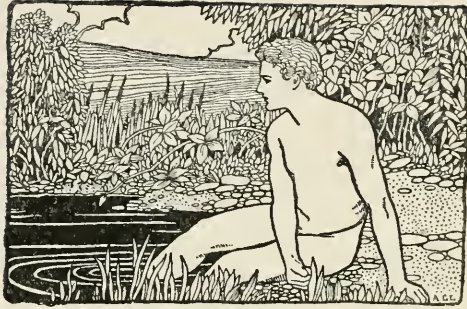
Oänus' stream and many a bower
That shades the glittering lake below ;
Hallows the banks and solemn cliffs,
Where Hipparis' wholesome waters
 rove,
Laving his peopled realm. He lifts
The pillared pile, the marble grove,
Whereon his princely chambers rise
In swelling domes, that crown the
 skies.
Thus his rude tribes, untrained,
 unformed
He rears to life and light :
For Toil and Wealth by Virtue
 warmed
Ever with Difficulty fight ;
While Enterprise no threatening danger
 scares,
And all-adored Success the palm of
 Wisdom wears.

STROPHE III.

O Thou, that dwellest in clouds above
The Cronian Mount, Preserver Jove,
Whose favour still pursues the wave
That wandering Alpheus pours along,

Still beams on Ida's awful cave,
To thee thy suppliant rears his song;
In Lydian strain implores thy grace
Long on this rising realm to wait,
And send a sound adventurous race
To guard and signalize their state.
Thee, too, by victory taught to breed
And cherish the Neptunian steed,
Thee, Psaumis, grant the indulgent
Power
A calm old age to bear,
And meet unmoved the parting hour,
With all thy children standing near.
If Wealth and Worth and Happiness and
Fame
Be thine, among the Gods seek not to
inscribe thy name.





ODE VI.

TO AGESIAS THE SYRACUSIAN

*Victor in the Race of Chariots drawn
by Mules*

STROPHE I.

PILLARS of gold our portal to sustain,
As for some proud and princely Place,
We'll rear: the founder of the strain
With far-refulgent front his opening
work should grace.

And if there be, who boasts the
Olympian braid,

Whose priestly lips prophetic truths
diffuse
At Jove's Pisæan altar ; one, whose aid
Hath helpt to raise illustrious Syracuse ;
Where are the high-wrought hymns, the
glowing lays
His country's lavish love shall swell not
with his praise ?

ANTISTROPHE I.

Know, son of Sostratus, that Heaven
hath made
This sandal for thy foot divine.
Virtue, by peril unassayed,
On land or tranquil wave in honour
ne'er can shine.
The adventurous deed a thousand hearts
record.
To thee the praise, Agesias, all shall
yield,
On Œcleus' son Amphiaräus poured
By just Adrastus in the fatal field,
When in Earth's yawning gulf the as-
tounded seer
Sunk with his snorting steeds, chariot
and charioteer.

EPODE I.

'T was there, when round the heroic
dead
Seven Theban pyres were seen to
burn,
Sorrowing the son of Talaüs said,
“The eye of all my host I mourn :
His searching soul the future knew ;
His spear controlled the raging fray” —
Such is the Syracusian too,
The master of my lay.
Nor brawl, nor paradox I love ;
I hate with cavillers to contend ;
But this my surest oath I've pledged to
prove
And the mellifluous Muse her lasting aid
shall lend.

STROPHE II.

Bring forth thy mules, O Phintis, and
behind
In haste the glittering harness join,
With me thy chariot mount and find
Along yon spacious road the cradle of
his line.

Full well, I ween, the illustrious track
they know,
Learnt from the plaudits of the Olympian
throng
That crowned their necks with glory.
Open throw
To their careering speed the gates of
song.
To-day we press for Pitana, and lave
Ere night our burning team in cool
Eurotas' wave.

ANTISTROPHE II.

Fair Pitana, by Neptune's amorous
prayer
Pressed, as they tell, her charms to yield,
The violet-tressed Evadne bare.
She in her anxious breast the virgin pang
concealed
Till, past the painful hour, a trusty train
Charged with the pledge of her celestial love
To Æpytus she sent, who ruled the
plain,
Where Alpheus' waves by famed
Phæsana rove.

There nurtured, with Apollo tasted
she
The tempting fruit that grows on Love's
forbidden tree.

EPODE II.

Escaped not long the guardian King
Her altering form, the stolen embrace :
Rage and regret his bosom wring ;
Where, burying still the unknown disgrace,
Forthwith the Delphian Fane he sought.
Meanwhile to shadiest covert lone
Her silver urn the damsel brought ;
There loosed her purple zone,
And bore the godlike babe unseen
Filled with the spirit of his Sire ;
Who with his golden locks and graceful mien
The assistant Fates had won, and
soothed Eleutho's ire.

STROPHE III.

Forth from her arms with short and
grateful throe
Came Iâmus to light : her child
On the Earth she left o'erwhelmed
with woe :
Him there two Serpent forms with eyes
of azure mild,
Mysterious ministers of love divine,
Fed with the baneless beverage of the
bee :
When now from rocky Pytho's warn-
ing shrine
In haste the King returned, and ear-
nestly
From all his questioned household 'gan
require
Evadnè's new-born son, — "For Phœ-
bus is his sire,

ANTISTROPHE III.

"Destined before all mortals to prevail
The peerless prophet of mankind ;
Whose race, whose name shall never
fail."

Thus represented he : they with one
voice combined
All vowed their ignorance : nor sight
had seen,
Nor infant sound had heard : for he
five days
'Mong shrubs and pathless briars and
rushes green
Had lain, the dewy violet's mingled rays
Sprinkling with purple and gold his ten-
der frame :
Whence fond Evadne's joy proclaimed
his deathless name.

EPODE III.

Now when fresh youth its golden
flower
Full o'er his blooming cheeks had
strewed,
Alone at night's tempestuous hour
In Alpheus' midmost stream he stood.
He called his grandsire Neptune's name,
Wide Ruler of the boisterous deep ;
Called on that Archer God whose flame
Beams on the Delian steep ;
For patriot fame he poured his prayer

Beneath the vault of heaven : " My
son,"
Replied his Sire's unerring speech,
" repair
To yon frequented tract, my Word shall
lead thee on."

STROPHE IV.

Forthwith they stood on Cronium's
topmost stone,
High as the sun's meridian road ;
There paused the God, and on his
son
The rich and twofold boon of prophecy
bestowed :
Gave him to hear the voice that can-
not lie ;
Bade him, when Hercules in after-days,
Flower of the great Alcæan progeny,
His Sire's frequented Festival should
raise
And proud Olympian Game, by gift
divine
On Jove's high altar plant his oracle and
shrine.

ANTISTROPHE IV.

Thence through all Greece the seed of
Iämus
Bright Honour followed; in its train
Came potent Wealth; the virtuous
thus
To Fame's conspicuous path by action
proved attain.
Yet envious hearts there are no worth
can warm;
Which e'en the chariot-crown with
rancour fills
'Gainst modest Merit; o'er whose
brightening form
Victory her own ingenuous grace dis-
tills.
If yet, Agesias, thy maternal race,
Whose affluent dwellings rose by old
Cyllenè's base,

EPODE IV.

Have knelt at Mercury's sacred shrine
The swift-winged herald of the skies,
With soothing prayers and gifts divine;
(He guards the games, allots the prize,

And loves Arcadia's youth); 't was he,
Aided by thundering Jove's regard,
Gave, son of Sostratus, to thee
Thy conquest and reward —
A prompting power, methinks, I feel
A sharpening whetstone on my tongue;
That stirs my flowing numbers to
 reveal
Our old Arcadian root, and leads the
 willing song.

STROPHE V.

'T was fair Metopè's love, Stympha-
 lian spouse,
To Thebes equestrian Thebè gave;
In whose sweet fount, for warriors'
 brows
Weaving the various hymn, my tuneful
 lips I lave.
Rise, Ænèas, and enjoin thy swelling
 choirs
To sing Parthenian Juno, then declare,
If the stale stigma that belied our
 Sires,
(Bœotian boars, forsooth!) we still shall
 bear.

Thou art Truth's harbinger, the Muse's
tongue,
Her mystic staff, the cup that pours her
potent song.

ANTISTROPHE V.

Bid them remember Syracuse, and
sing
Of proud Ortygia's throne, secure
In Hiero's rule, her upright king.
With frequent prayer he serves and
worship pure
The rosy-sandalled Ceres, and her
fair
Daughter, whose car the milk-white
steeds impel,
And Jove, whose might the Ætnæan
fires declare.
The lay, the sweet-toned lyre his praises
tell;
Time, mar not his success! with wel-
come sweet
Agesias' choral pomp his liberal smile
shall greet.

EPODE V.

Lo from Arcadia's parent seat,
Her old Stymphalian walls, they come,
From fields with flocks o'erspread, to
 meet
Sicilia's swains, from home to home.
O'er the swift prow, when night-storms
 lour,
Two anchors oft 't is well to cast —
Heaven on them both its blessings pour,
And bid their glories last.
Lord of the main! direct aright,
With toils unvext their prosperous
 way;
Spouse of the golden-wanded Amphi-
 trite,
With lovelier hues enrich the flowers
 that crown my lay.





ODE VII.

TO DIAGORAS OF RHODES

Victor in the Game of Boxing

STROPHE I.

As one, whose wealthy hands enfold
The sparkling cup of massy gold
Frothed with the vineyard's purple tide,
His Banquet's grace, his Treasure's
pride,
Presents it to the youthful spouse
Pledged in full draught from house to
house;

And thus affection's honours fondly paid,
While on the soft connubial hour
Encircling friends their blessings pour,
Gives to his envied arms the coy con-
senting maid.

ANTISTROPHE I.

Thus to the Youth, whose conquering
brow
The Olympian wears or Pythian bough,
Lord of his hope, inspired I pay
The tribute of my liquid lay,
The nectar of the Muse's bowl,
Prest from the clusters of the soul.
Blest they, whose deeds applauding
worlds admire!
For them, as each her glance par-
takes,
The life-enlightening Grace awakes
The various vocal flute, the sweet
melodious lyre.

EPODE I.

To-day the lyre and flute and song,
Roused by Diagoras, I move,

Hymning fair Rhode from Venus
 sprung,
 The Sun's own Nymph and watery
 love :
 With her the giant boxer's praise to
 sound,
 The champion's noblest hire,
 By Alpheus' stream, Castalia's foun-
 tain crowned ;
 And Damagete his old and upright Sire,
 Pride of the beauteous Isle, whose Argive
 host
 By Asia's beakèd shore three Sovereign
 Cities boast.

STROPHE II.

Fain would my lay their legends trace,
 Divine Alcides' powerful race
 From old Tlepolemus, and prove
 Their boasted Sire's descent from Jove,
 Amyntor's fair Astydamè
 The root of their maternal tree.
 But o'er men's hearts unnumbered errors
 hang ;
 Nor can dim Reason's glimmering
 show

The flowery path untrod by woe,
Or find the day's delight, that brings no
morrow's pang.

ANTISTROPHE II.

For even the founder chief, that
planned
The fortunes of this prosperous land,
With olive club by rage impelled,
Alcmena's spurious brother felled :
Midst Tiryns' walls by Midea's side
In her own porch Licymnius died.
Alas ! not Wisdom's self has power to
quell
The furious passions, when they meet
To tear her from her judgment-seat !
Distracted at the deed he sought the
Delphian cell.

EPODE II.

Apollo waved his golden locks,
And warned him from his fragrant
fane,
Forthwith to steer from Lerna's rocks
For the rich realm amidst the main,

Where erst with golden shower im-
perial Jove
Bedewed the wondering town ;
What time his brazen axe stout
Vulcan drove,
And Pallas from the Thunderer's rifted
crown
With outcry loud and long impetuous
broke ;
Heaven shuddered, and old Earth with
dread maternal shook.

STROPHE III.

'T was then Hyperion's son divine,
Lamp of the world, his Rhodian line
In haste enjoined with duteous eye
To watch the expected prodigy ;
That first of mortal votaries they
Their shining altar might display,
Jove and the Virgin of the Thundering
Spear
The first with solemn rites to soothe.
Precaution thus the paths of Truth
To Virtue's footstep shows, and cheers
her rough career.

ANTISTROPHE III.

Yet oft before the wariest eyes
Mists of forgetfulness arise,
And unexpectedly betray
The wandering purpose from its way.
'T was thus, the seeds of fire forgot,
Their high-built shrine the Rhodians
sought,
With unburnt offerings heaped; yet
showers of gold
Jove poured upon them from the
cloud;
And Pallas' self their hands endowed
With more than mortal skill her rarest
works to mould.

EPODE III.

Spread far and wide their various
praise:
In all mysterious crafts they shone,
Strewed over their walls, their public
ways,
The sculptured life, the breathing stone.
'T was Genius strengthened by the
toils of Art.

Yet once, as stories say,
When Jove Earth's ample field to part
'Mongst all the gods decreed, the Lord
 of Day
Above the waves saw not the Rhodian
 steep,
By fate still bound within the dungeon
 of the deep.

STROPHE IV.

Absent on function high the lot
Of the bright Sun his peers forgot;
And he the purest of the skies
Shared not the rich terrestrial prize.
Warned of the wrong, high Jove
 again
The partial lots proposed, in vain;
"For that mine eye discerns," the Sun
 replied,
"A region gathering from the ground,
For man's delight all planted round
With fruits and pastures fair beneath
 the foaming tide."

ANTISTROPHE IV.

Forthwith commanded he to rise
The golden-vested Lachesis,
With lifted hand and fatal nod
To give the sanction of a god,
Joined with Saturnian Jove, and swear,
When time that shoal to heaven should
 rear,
Its realm his boon should be. The
 pledge divine
On Truth's unfailing pinion flew;
Promise to Consummation grew;
Up sprung the beauteous isle and budded
 from the brine.

EPODE IV.

His blooming lot the genial Sire,
That frames the pointed beams of day,
That rules the steeds whose breath is fire,
Received. There oft with Rhode he
 lay;
Till seven brave sons with match-
 less wisdom fraught,
Their fruitful raptures crowned.
The first Iälýsus begot,

And Lindus, and Cameirus : they, their
bound
Paternal into three partitions thrown,
Each chose his several realm, and
named it for his own.

STROPHE V.

Tlepolemus, whose high command
Once led the brave Tirynthian band,
There, as a god, due honours knows,
The rich rewards of all his woes,
Victims on fuming altars slain,
Umpires and Games to grace the plain.
There twice the stout Diagoras was
crowned ;
Four times from Isthmian lists he bore
The mantling wreath, and many more
From Nemea's crowded grove and rough
Athenæ's mound.

ANTISTROPHE V.

Him Argos with her brazen shield
Endowed ; him fair Arcadia's field ;
Him Thebes, and all the heroic games
Which old Bœotia's custom claims ;

Ægina him her champion shows ;
Him six times crowned Pellenè knows,
And Megara's stone, o'erblazoned with
his praise.
O thou, that rearest thy temple bleak
On Atabyrium's topmost peak,
Great Jove, with favour hear our loud
triumphal lays.

EPODE V.

Raise thou the man, whose arm hath
found
Renown in famed Olympia's vale ;
Bid citizens his deeds resound,
Strangers his name with reverence hail.
Just, like his upright sires, unblamed
he walks
His unpresumptuous way.
Hide not his race from good Callianax,
His tribe Eratian tell : for him to-day
The whole state feasts — but in a
moment's change
To every point the gusts of public
favour range.



ODE VIII.

TO ALCIMEDON AND TIMOSTHENES HIS
BROTHER

*Victors among the Youths in Wrestling,
the former at the Olympic, the latter
at the Nemean Games*

STROPHE I.

OLYMPIA, mother of the Games,
Where Worth his golden chaplet claims ;

Mistress of Truth; whose fate-exploring Priest
From the slain victim learns, if highest Jove,
Whose hand the dazzling thunder throws,
Views with regard the dauntless breast,
That, fired with Virtue's noblest love,
Pants but for Fame and Victory's sweet repose.

ANTISTROPHE I.

Such blazon gracious Heaven allows
To prophets' pure and pious vows.
But thou, Pisæan Grove, whose branches wave
O'er Alpheus' stream, accept the wreaths I bear,
Triumphal strains. A deathless name
Thy glorious guerdon gives the brave.
Not all the same distinctions share:
Various the paths divine, that lead to fame.

EPODE I.

You, valiant youths, kind Destiny
consigned
To Jove your natal genius: he thy
name,
Timosthenes, proclaimed in Nemea's
Game,
While Pisa's wreaths Alcimedon en-
twined:
Of beauty's manliest mould was he;
Nor failed his act the warrant of his
face;
Crowned with the Wrestler's victory
Ægina's isle he named his native place:
Where all to Themis bow, that sits
above,
Saviour at once and judge, by Hospitable
Jove,

STROPHE II.

No where so revered. Hard it is
Where interests clash and contests
rise
To meet the occasion, yet with judg-
ment pure

The scales of right sustain. By Heav-
en's decree
That sea-girt isle thus proudly stands
(Still strengthening Time its weal se-
cure),
Like some blest column in the sea,
To invite and guide all strangers from
all lands;

ANTISTROPHE II.

Still ruling with her Dorian line
The realm of Æacus divine:
Whom fair Latona's son with Neptune
paired,
Toiling round Troy to rear the tow-
ering wall,
Leagued in her work : her fatal hour
By that portentous choice declared,
That her proud domes in fight should
fall,
And hostile fires her smouldering fanes
devour.

EPODE II.

Scarce perfect was the pile, when up
the tower
Three azure serpents leapt; and from
the side
Two, as with horror thrilled, recoiled,
and died:
Yelling the third rushed on with gathered power —
The portent strange Apollo views,
And pondering briefly thus: "Devoted
Troy,
Thy help, ill-omened Hero, rues;
Thy mortal work her empire shall
destroy:
Yet not without thy sons; for 't is decreed
The first and fourth of thine must mingle
in that deed.

STROPHE III.

"Thus Saturn's seed, the thundering
Jove
In vision shows me from above."

That warning given, Xanthus in haste
he reached,
The mounted Amazons and Ister's
stream
Surveyed. Towards Isthmus by the
main
As swift the Trident-bearer stretched;
But first he stayed his golden team,
While Æacus regained Ægina's plain.

ANTISTROPHE III.

Thence o'er proud Corinth, to inspect
Her glorious Feast, his chariot checked.
Not all with equal favour all things
see :
His beardless rivals conquered should
my string
Sound for Meilesias, Envy's hand
Fling not the pointed stone at me ;
For I his Nemean Feats will sing,
And rough Pancratian fray with men
maintained.

EPODE III.

With ease from Wisdom's lips instruction flows ;
Which unprepared fools only will dispense ;
For weak 's the wit of Inexperience.
Perfect beyond his peers Meilesias knows
The Athletic discipline and plan,
That, when the Game shall rouse him
to the fray,
Harden and frame the practised man,
To bear the adored and dangerous
prize away.
To-day his boast Alcimedon must be,
The thirtieth youth his art hath trained
for victory.

STROPHE IV.

He with the smiles of Fortune bright,
Nor wanting valour's manliest might,
Hath to four hapless youths victorious
doomed
The hateful return, the path obscure, the
tale
Of shame ; and in his grandsire's heart

Youth's long-extinguished lamp relumed :
When Glory's cheering beams prevail,
Old age revives, and death forgets his
 dart.

ANTISTROPHE IV.

Now let the loud-recording lay
Awaken Memory to display
What feats, what triumphs in the
 manual war
The Blepsian tribe achieved — Gained
 from the Games
On their proud busts six chaplets bloom.
Their kindred's rite the dead shall share :
Its praise departed Virtue claims ;
The trump of Glory echoes in the tomb.

EPODE IV.

From Fame, the child of Hermes,
 Iphion
Heard ere he died, and shall delighted tell
Callimachus the Olympian crown that
 fell
By Jove's good gift to his distin-
guished son.

Still may the god his blessings shower
On their fair deeds, and chase disease
away;
Nor Nemesis send with vengeful power
To thwart the promise of their prosperous day.
Grant them long life, to Fortune's ills
unknown,
Their country's weal enhance, and crown
it with their own.





ODE IX.

TO EPHARMOSTUS, THE OPUNTIAN

Victor in the Game of Wrestling

STROPHE I.

ARCHILOCHUS' resounding strain
The victor's ancient lay, thrice chanted
 loud,
Sufficed along the Olympian plain
By Cronium's mount to lead the exulting
 crowd,
The friends by Epharmostus' side
That swelled the full triumphal tide.

But from the distant-dealing bow
To-day 't is thine the shaft to throw,
The Muse's shaft, that mounts above
E'en to the purple-bolted Jove
And Elis' sacred Promontory;
Whose realm, Ænomaüs' power o'er-
thrown,
Pelops the Lydian hero won,
Hippodamia's fairest dowry.

ANTISTROPHE I.

Send now thy sweet, thy wingëd reed,
At Pytho's field: the bard, whose thrill-
ing string
Resounds the manly wrestler's deed
From glorious Opus, stoops not on the
wing,
No vulgar flight pursues, the praise
Of Opus and her son to raise:
Where Themis and her child sedate,
Eunomia, famed, preserve the state.
On Alpheus' banks her glories gleam
And bloom by pure Castalia's stream
From whence by minstrels plucked the
flowers
Of all their blended chaplets grace

The mother of the Locrian race,
Midst her deep woods and waving
 bowers.

EPODE I.

Thus while her favoured City glows
With the full radiance of my lay,
Swifter than generous steed, or bark
 that throws
Her swelling wings along the watery
 way,
I'll spread the tale through every land,
If blest by Heaven this tuneful hand
Cultures the Graces' choicest field;
For they all mortal transports yield,
And wit and valour wait on their divine
 command.

STROPHE II.

By them inspired Alcides dared
With club terrestrial brave the Trident's
 might;
What time the Pylian towers to guard
Neptune his rage withstood. The Lord
 of Light

Advanced his silver-sounding bow,
And warred against the heroic foe.
Nor e'en in Hades' rueful hand
Unbrandished hung the infernal wand,
Wherewith men's mortal forms are
led

To the hollow city of the dead —
Renounce, my lips, the verse profane !
'T is hateful wit at gods to rail :
Vain-glory's impious ill-timed tale
Sounds but of Frenzy's thoughtless
strain.

ANTISTROPHE II.

Babble no more of themes like these,
Nor mix with fabled war the immortal
Powers :

Sing rather thou with blameless lays
Protogeneia's ancient towers ;
Where by Jove's hest in thunder heard
Man's first abode Deucalion reared,
When from Parnassus' glittering crown
With Pyrrha paired the Seer came
down.

Behind them rose their unborn sons,
The new-named laity of stones,

A homogeneous mortal throng :
For them thy sounding numbers raise,
Nor, when old wine inflames thy
 praise,
Forget the flowers of modern song.

EPODE II.

Then, as they tell, a deluge raged
O'er the sunk Earth's opacous plain :
Till Jove's rebuke the wasteful waves
 assuaged,
And pent them in their oozy gulf
 again.
Sprung from that aged ancestor
Your brazen-bucklered sires of yore,
(Blood, that from old Iäpetus runs
And dames that mixt with Saturn's
 sons)
A line of genuine kings their native
 sceptre bore ;

STROPHE III.

E'er since the Olympian Leader's love
Snatched Opus' daughter from the
 Epeian plain

To dark Mænalia's conscious grove,
And gave her back to Locrus' arms
again ;
Lest age, that hastes our mortal doom,
Should bear him childless to the tomb.
By that celestial Power comprest
A nobler birth the matron blest.
The good old Hero hails beguiled
And dotes upon the imputed child ;
And gives him, as his years display
Youth's comeliest form and manhood's
fire,
The name, that graced his mother's
sire,
To boast, a peopled realm to sway.

ANTISTROPHE III.

Strangers unnumbered round his throne,
Argives, and Thebans, and Arcadians
prest,
Pisatians too ; but Actor's son
Menæti^{us} most his high regard carest,
Patroclus' sire : on Mysia's plain
He with the Atridæ leagued in vain,
When Telephus the Grecian throng
Back on their barks disordered flung,

Alone with great Achilles stayed :
Heroes his act with shouts surveyed :
And Thetis' son, his brave compeer
Implored him from that glorious day
No more to meet the martial fray
Apart from his all-conquering spear.

EPODE III.

O ! for a spirit that could bid
New words and quickening thoughts
to rise,
Of skill the Muse's daring car to guide
In all the might of genius through the
skies !
Then would I come with glory's bay,
While Fame and Friendship fired my lay,
To grace the brothers' Isthmian crown,
The prize Lampromachus had won,
The twin achievement proud of one
victorious day.

STROPHE IV.

Where Corinth's portal parts the main
Two triumphs more brave Epharmostus
gained ;

Others on Nemea's sheltered plain :
He from the Athenian youths the prize
obtained ;
From men the Argolic shield he won :
Oh ! what a strife at Marathon,
With beardless foes no longer paired,
'Gainst sturdier age the stripling dared !
Himself unfoiled with dexterous bound
He writhed and whirled them to the
ground.
Graced with the goblet's silver meed
What shouts, what plaudits from the
throng
Cheered, as the champion stalked along,
His manly port, his manlier deed.

ANTISTROPHE IV.

At Jove's Lycæan Feast the whole
Parrhasian host marvelling his might
surveyed ;
Marvelled Pellenè, when the Stole,
Winter's warm antidote, his bulk dis-
played.
Witness the tomb, where Thebans
grace
The Games of godlike Iölas ;

Witness Eleusis' wave-born strand
The toils and triumphs of his hand.
From Nature all perfections flow :
And though from tasked attention slow
Taught excellence will sometimes strain
And struggle to renown ; if Heaven
Has not the inspiring impulse given,
'T is silence best rewards the pain.

EPODE IV

Life's walks are various : one concern
The crowded world can ne'er sustain :
To Fame's high path the steps of
Genius turn.

Thy gift aloud proclaim ; in daring strain
Tell, how of birth propitious sprung
The Oïlean Games robust and young
With dexterous arm and dauntless eye
Thy champion braved, and Victory
With all his glorious wreaths the shrine
of Ajax hung.





ODE X.

TO AGESIDAMUS, OF LOCRIS EPIZEPHYRIA

Victorious in the Game of Boxing

STROPHE I.

WHERE stands Arcestratus' triumphant son,
The Olympic victor, written on my mind?
My promise of sweet song for him designed
Had from my faithless memory flown.

But thou, O Muse, from whom no
treachery springs,
And Truth, fair daughter of high
Jove,
Lend me your upright efforts to re-
move
The slur that Slander on mine honour
flings.

ANTISTROPHE I.

'T is true the distant dilatory day
Hath brought to shame the debtor and
the debt :
With amplest usury he 'll discharge it
yet,
And melt the keen reproach away.
Mark how the strong wave, as it sweeps
along,
Rolls the washed pebble from the
shore ;
Mark how the arrear shall vanish as
we pour
Friendship's full tribute, our historic
song.

EPODE I.

For Truth with the Zephyrian Loc-
rians dwells :
They love the heroic Muse and martial
field.
Cycnus with onset fierce, as story tells,
The o'erpowering might of Hercules
repelled.
As by Achilles roused Patroclus stood ;
So to stout Ilas on the Olympian sand
The boxer's palm Agesidamus owed.
Oft hath the cheering friend, when Na-
ture's hand
Has touched the warrior's heart with
Virtue's flame,
Gigantic deeds inspired, and Heaven
confirmed his fame.

STROPHE II.

Conquests by toil unearned to few be-
long :
Action 's the sovereign good, the light
of life.
But me Jove's Hallowed Rites the ath-
letic strife

And matchless Games in solemn song
Bid blazon ; which the potent Hercules
Stablisht by Pelops' ancient tomb ;
What time the godlike Cteatus to his
doom
He sent, though sprung from him that
rules the seas,

ANTISTROPHE II.

Him with bold Eurytus, the largess due
Thus from reluctant Augeas to compel.
Them on their journey in Cleonæ's dell
The avenging chief from ambush
slew.

Just retribution ! his Tirynthian host,
Surprised in Elis' close defiles,
Molionè's o'erweening sons by wiles
Had crushed ; and all his choicest chiefs
were lost.

EPODE II.

That guest-beguiling king the wrath
of Heaven
Soon reached. He saw the sceptre of
his sway,

To sword and flame his wealth and
country given,
Saw his Epeian kingdom pass away,
Sunk in Destruction's gulf! 'T is hard
indeed
The conflict with a mightier foe to
close;
And wit forsakes whom Fate hath
doomed to bleed.
Himself a captive thus, the last of
those
Whose loyalty his fault and fortune
shared,
'Scaped not the dire revenge Herculean
rage prepared.

STROPHE III.

That justice satisfied, the son of Jove
Mustered his conquering bands and
massy spoils
On Pisa's plain, the fruits of all their
toils.
To his great Sire the sacred Grove
He compassed out; and in clear space
within
Paled all the severed Altis round;

For the free banquet smoothed the
 circled ground ;
And crowned Alpheius' banks with
 many a shrine

ANTISTROPHE III.

To the twelve Sovereign Gods. Yon
 bordering peak
The Cronian Mount he called, a name-
 less waste
When old Ænomaüs reigned, by song
 ungraced,
And drenched with snows its turrets
 bleak.
To that prime consecration and high rite
The Fates in stern attendance came ;
And Time, whose sole probation can
 proclaim
Truth to be true, that season stayed his
 flight.

EPODE III.

He in his course advancing to this hour
Bears record where the Hero's altars
 rose ;

The gifts of war how portioned he, the
flower
Of all the spoils he gained from all his
foes;
How solemnized his great Quinquen-
nial Feast.
Say now, what envied youth the new-
wrought crown
Earned in that first Olympiad, from
the crest
Of his foiled foe plucking his fresh
renown?
Who quelled his rival in the manual war,
Flew on the bounding foot, or whirled
the madding car.

STROPHE IV.

Æonus first, Licymnius' youthful son,
Who ruled in Midea's walls his native
force,
With speed unmatched along the Stadian
course
The light pedestrian chaplet won.
First in the wrestler's ring from Tegea's
plain
Shone Echemus. To Tiryns shore

The Boxer's manly prize Doryclus bore ;
While four fleet coursers with his mastering rein

ANTISTROPHE IV.

To the bright goal Mantinean Semus took.
Home to the mark the lance of Phras-tor flew :
Farthest with circling hand and impulse true
Enrikeus hurled the whirling rock ;
That all his peers the triumph of his might
With shouts applauded. Rising now
The soft-eyed Moon on Evening's tranquil brow
Hung the full circle of her lovely light.

EPODE IV.

There in full choir the genial Feast
around
Encomiastic songs and joyful strains
Rung through the sacred Grove : such
cheering sound

Swells for the crown our Locrian hero
gains.
True to the customary and constituent
rite,
Sing we the thunder and the dazzling
bolt
That arms Jove's fiery grasp, when in
his might
He hurls the bellowing vengeance thro'
the vault.
To the loud pipe respond the melting
lays
Which late from Dirce's fount her lin-
gering minstrel pays;

STROPHE V.

Dear, as the smiling infant, which
the wife
Almost past hope to its fond father
bears
Now far declined into the vale of
years,
And warms with love his waning life.
For who, that with long thrift and hon-
est toil
His patrimonial store hath swelled,

Loathes not in childless age his gains to
yield,
And leave strange heirs to riot on the
spoil?

ANTISTROPHE V.

So who with name unsung from
Glory's fray,
Agesidamus, sinks to Death's domain,
The slave of thankless care hath
breathed in vain,
And flung life's rapturous hour away.
For thee the sweet voice of the war-
bling lyre,
The soft mellifluous flutes diffuse
Their mixt harmonious graces, Fame
pursues
Where Jove's Pierian Maids the strain
inspire.

EPODE V.

By them inflamed have I with earnest
praise
The illustrious Locrians crowned;
poured on their town,

Home of the brave, the honey of my
lays,
And swelled, Arcestratus, thy son's
renown.
Him by the Olympic altar I beheld
Quelling the mightiest with his vigor-
ous arm :
In beauty's flower his manly form
excelled,
Where Youth o'er Strength diffused her
early charm ;
Such Youth as erst by winning Cypria
led
Relentless death repelled from blooming
Ganymede.





ODE XI.

TO THE SAME AGESIDAMUS

For his Victory in the Game of Boxing

STROPHE

SOMETIMES we need the breathing gale,
Sometimes the soft celestial rain,
Child of the cloud, to bless the vale ;
But when Success Adventure crowns,
the lyre's mellifluous strain

To spread the eternal blazon, and assever
On Fame's unfailing oath, that Virtue
lives for ever.

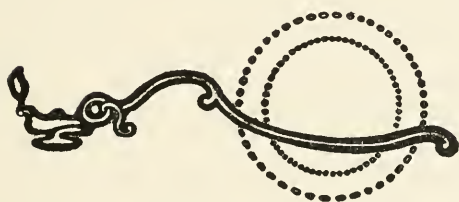
ANTISTROPHE

To those, that win the Olympian
prize
Such lavish eulogies belong ;
And such my willing tongue supplies :
For aye the flowers of genius bloom,
when Heaven inspires the song.
Son of Arcestratus, thy proud re-
nown,
(Agesidamus hear!) thy olive's golden
crown,

EPODE

Won by thy matchless hand shall share
The sweet melodious lay,
The Western Locrians all my care :
There, Muses, join the festal choir, for
they
Chase not, I ween, the stranger from
their shore,
Nor live unlearned in Glory's lore.

Science and warlike enterprise are theirs :
The Fox, the raging Lion, every
 creature
Unchanged its inborn instinct bears,
Leaves not the cast of Nature.





ODE XII.

TO ERGOTELES OF HIMERA

Victor in the Long Foot-race

STROPHE

DAUGHTER of Eleutherian Jove,
Protecting Fortune, to thy power I pray
To guard imperial Himera :
Guided by thee the wingèd gallies move
Thro' the wide sea : thine are the
impetuous wars,
The pondering councils : by thy change-
ful sway

Now sunk below, now lifted to the
stars
Thro' life's illusions vain Hope steers
her wandering way.

ANTISTROPHE

But by sure presage to descry
The approaching day's event, mysteri-
ous Heaven
Hath not to helpless mortals given ;
And all is blind towards dim futurity.
Oft on the best in fond Opinion's
spite
Joy's sad reverse has fallen ; others no
less
With Woe's distressful storms long
doomed to fight
Have changed in one short hour disaster
to success.

EPODE

Son of Philenor, thy renown
Had shed its faded flower,
Thy speed beyond thy native bower,

Like the brave cock's domestic wars,
 unknown :
Had not, Ergoteles, the civil fray,
That friend with friend embroils,
Forced thee from Cnossian fields
 away ;
Now in the Olympic grove for nobler
 toils,
By Isthmians once, and twice in
 Pytho crowned,
A worthier hearth thy Fame has found
By the warm waves of Himera,
Whose Nymphs by thee ennobled hail
 thy stay.





ODE XIII.

TO XENOPHON THE CORINTHIAN

*Victor in the Single Foot-race and in the
Pentathlon*

STROPHE I.

WHILE to the House thrice in Olympia
crowned,
The citizen's indulgent friend,

The stranger's host, my praise I send ;
Thee, prosperous Corinth, for thy race
renowned,
Portal of Isthmian Neptune, shall my
strain
Forget not. There the Golden Sisters
reign
From Themis sprung, Eunomia pure,
Safe Justice and congenial Peace,
Basis of states ; whose counsels sure
With wealth and wisdom bless the
world's increase,

ANTISTROPHE I.

And Insolence the child of bold-
tongued Pride
Far from the social haunt repel.
Many a fair tale have I to tell,
Which fearless Truth forbids my
song to hide,
If aught could hide what Nature's grace
bestows.
Sons of the famed Aletes, round your
brows
Oft have the blooming Hours displayed
At sacred game in Glory's field

Triumphant Virtue's noblest braid ;
Oft to your throbbing hearts by hints
revealed

EPODE I.

Discoveries old of Wisdom's ways,
And works still pregnant with the in-
ventor's praise.
Whence sprung the Dithyrambic choir ?
The bull by dancing Bacchants led ?
Who taught to curb the courser's fire ?
Who on the solemn Temples first out-
spread
The Sovereign Eagle's sculptured wings ?
Yours is the Muse's warbled lay,
And Mars, to panting youth that brings
The wreath that crowns the fatal fray.

STROPHE II.

Thou, whose wide rule protects the
Olympian land,
Grudge not my song, Paternal Jove,
Thy boundless favour from above !
Still o'er this people stretch thy shelter-
ing hand :

Swell the fresh gale of Xenophon's
renown,
And for his powers in Pisa shown
Accept the ritual praise we pour.
Pedestrian speed, Pentathlian might,
Alike he conquered : man before
Ne'er joined the unequal palms of
strength and flight.

ANTISTROPHE II.

His trophied brows the parsley's crisped
tiar
Twice at the Feasts of Isthmus
bound :
His deeds the Nemean rocks resound :
The dazzling speed of Thessalus his
sire
Still famed on Alpheus' banks obtained
the crown :
He, ere one sun on Pytho's peaks went
down,
The single gained and double race :
Three wreaths on Athens' rugged strand
In one short month's triumphant space
Twined round his radiant locks their
blended band :

EPODE II.

Seven times the Hellotian prize he bore,
And with his sire, the illustrious Ptæo-
dore,
'Twixt the two gulfs in Neptune's
Game
Earned for his meed the minstrel's
chant,
The rapturous gift of deathless Fame.
How graced your matchless deeds the
Lion's haunt?
How shone the Delphian steeps
below? —
The excess confounds me, while I teach
Your multiplied exploits; for who
Shall count the sands that heap the
beach?

STROPHE III.

But all things have their bounds, by
wisdom's sight,
When just Occasion warns, descried:
And I thus launched on Praise's tide
To hymn departed glory, and the fight
Where Virtue wins the heroic victory,

Disdain to frame the laudatory lie
E'en for proud Corinth ; tho' she boast
The gifted god-like Sisyphus,
And her that rescued Argo's host
Spite of her sire to gain her Minyan
spouse.

ANTISTROPHE III.

Add what her sons before the Dardan wall
Of warlike hardiment displayed
Each side the combat ; these arrayed
With Atreus' race fair Helen to recall,
Those to retain conflicting. Glaucus
there
Lycia's bold captain taught e'en Greeks
to fear.
His boast was, that his sire of yore
By pure Pirenè's fount his reign
O'er all her towering city bore
And called her walls his palace and do-
main ;

EPODE III.

That sire, who toiled so long to lead
The grisly Gorgon's refractory seed

Wild Pegasus ; ere Pallas made
For his rude hand the golden rein
In dazzling dream before him laid —
“Sleep’st thou, Æolian king?” with
 wakening strain
She cried, “Yon fiery steed to rule
Take this bright spell, and bid thy
 sire
The Equestrian God, with pastured bull
Heaping his shrine, thy gift admire.”

STROPHE IV.

Thus in mid night with gleaming Ægis
 graced,
The Virgin hailed him as he slept :
Roused on his feet at once he leapt
To clutch the glittering wonder, which
 in haste
To Polyide the neighbouring Seer he
 brought,
And told the event his foresight sage
 had taught ;
“How while he dreamt the wondrous
 dream
Couched on her shrine, the daughter
 chaste

Of Jove, whose spear 's the lightning's
beam,
Herself the potent gold beside him
laid."

ANTISTROPHE IV.

Paused not the Prophet, but with prest
advice
Urged him the vision to obey;
"First offering him, whose watery sway
Bounds the vast Earth, his sturdy
sacrifice,
To Hippian Pallas next a shrine to build:
For gods 'gainst oaths and hopes with
ease can yield
To trembling mortals good or harm."
Forth sprung the stout Bellerophon,
Stretcht on his mouth the thrilling
charm,
And made the winged fugitive his own,

EPODE IV.

And leapt in brazen arms arrayed
On his proud back and with his fury
played.

With him the Amazons from the cold
And desert bosom of the sky,
A female host of archers bold,
He smote ; with him the warlike Solymi,
And fierce Chimæra breathing fire —
Pass we his downfall from above,
But mark the ascending steed retire
Within the Olympian stalls of Jove.

STROPHE V.

But while direct the lance of song we
 send,
What boots it from the tuneful string
Far from the mark our shafts to fling?
For to the tribe of Oligæthe a friend
With all the bright-throned Muses,
 Nemean plain
And Isthmian shore I 'll visit with my
 strain.
A word the copious tale shall tell
Pledged on mine oath : the Herald's
 tongue
Hath at those games with cheering
 swell
Full sixty glorious times their triumph
 rung.

ANTISTROPHE V.

Their past Olympic feats have graced
my song ;
The future in their joyous day,
Hope's promise, shall the Muse display :
But fortunes and events to heaven be-
long.
Smile but their natal genius from above,
The rest to Mars we 'll trust, and
ruling Jove.
Yet must I name their Pythian boughs,
Their wreaths from Thebes, from Argos
brought :
And Jove's Lycæan altar knows
Their countless wonders in Arcadia
wrought :

EPODE V.

Pellenè, too, and Sicyon,
And Megara, and illustrious Marathon,
Eleusis, and the fencèd Grove
Of Æacus, and Eubœa's Isle,
And all the prosperous states, above
Whose walls huge Ætna lifts her tower-
ing pile,

All Greece their boundless praise pro-
claim.
Teach them, Great Jove, with meekness
graced
To tread the dazzling paths of Fame,
And Fortune's choicest gifts to taste.





ODE XIV.

TO ASOPICHUS THE ORCHOMENIAN

*Victor in the Single Foot-race run
by Boys*

STROPHE I.

O YE, that by Cephisis' waves profuse
Dwell on the banks with steeds and
pastures fair,
Illustrious queens of proud Orchomenus,
Listen, ye Graces, to my prayer —
Ye, whose protecting eyes
The Minyans' ancient tribes defend ;

From you life's sweets and purest
ecstasies
On man's delighted race descend.
Genius, and Beauty, and Immortal
Fame,
Are yours: without the soft majestic
Graces
Not e'en the gods in their celestial places
Or feast or dance proclaim.
Raised are their thrones on high
Beside the Pythian lord of day,
That bends the golden bow; where they
All pastimes and solemnities above
Blissful dispense, and sanctify
The eternal honours of Olympian Jove.

STROPHE II.

August Aglaïa, blithe Euphrosynè,
Daughters of Heaven's resistless king,
And thou, that lovest the liquid lay,
Thalia, hear my call, and see
The choiring minstrels on their way,
By favouring fortune wooed,
With festive steps advancing: I to sing
Asopichus in Lydian mood
And laboured measures come;

For Minya from the Olympian shrine
Bright victory bears thy gift divine —
Go now, sweet Echo of my lyre,
To pale Proserpine's melancholy dome
With thy proud tidings to the Sire;
Tell Cleodamus, that his youthful son
In Pisa's glorious vale the braid
From Jove's illustrious games hath won
And twined the plumes of conquest
round his head.



PYTHIAN ODES



ODE I.

TO HIERO THE ÆTNÆAN

Victor in the Chariot-race

STROPHE I.

GOLDEN Lyre, Apollo's care,
Thy aid with violet tresses crowned,
Their emblem thee, the Muses share :
The bounding dance obeys, and joy pur-
sues the sound.

Thy signal wakes the vocal choir,
When with the sweet preamble's linger-
ing lay
Thy frame resumes its thrilling sway.
The lanced lightning's everlasting fire
Thou hast extinguisht, while by thee
On Jove's own sceptre lulled the
Feathered King
Forgets his awful ministry,
And hangs from either flank the droop-
ing wing :

ANTISTROPHE I.

Thou his beaked crest around
Hast poured the cloud of darkness soft,
And o'er his beaming eyeballs bound
The lock of thy sweet spell : slumbering
he sits aloft
With ruffling plumes and heaving spine
Quelled by thy potent strain. The
furious Mars
Aloof hath left the bristling spears,
And with thy soft mellifluous anodyne
Soothed his relentless heart ; for even
The gods themselves thy searching shaft
subdues

By skilled Latoïdes aimed in heaven,
Framed in the bosom of the swelling
Muse.

EPODE I.

But those, whom all-discerning Jove
Abides not, shudder at the sound
The chaste Pierian Damsels move,
On earth or in the restless wave,
Or where in durance underground
The god's presumptuous foe
Lies, hundred-headed Typhon; whom
the cave
Far-famed by Tarsus bred, now stretcht
below
Where Cuma's beetling sea-cliffs frown;
While on his broad and shaggy breast
Sicilia's regions rest,
And hoary Ætna, pillar of the sphere,
With her bleak snows through all the
year
Nursed in her angry arms, presses the
monster down:

STROPHE II.

Bursting from whose caverned side
The living fountains waste their way
Of unapproachable fire ; whose tide
With clouds of smouldering fume be-
dimes the sultry day ;
Reddening at night the inflamed flood
Rolls off the lifted rocks, and down the
steep
Plunges beneath the bellowing deep.
Meanwhile that Serpent from his dungeon
rude
Sends his dread fire-spouts to the air,
Vulcanian streams portentous to behold !
Strange e'en the traveller's tongue to
hear
Of sights and sounds so dire the tale
unfold ;

ANTISTROPHE II.

How on Ætna's burning base
Beneath her dark umbrageous head
Chained and immured the rugged place
Gores all his writhing bulk, that rues
that restless bed.

Grant me, Great Jove, thy smiles to
know,
Lord of this mountain, whose high
front commands
In circuit wide the abundant lands;
Graced with whose name the bordering
state below
Shares its great founder's large renown,
By herald's voice at Pytho's listening
games
Declared; while Hiero's chariot-crown,
A monarch's meed, the inspiring note
proclaims.

EPODE II.

From heaven a fresh propitious gale
With ardent prayer the seaman craves,
To wing with speed his parting sail;
While Hope a prosperous course fore-
tells
From that good presage o'er the waves:
Thus blest with omen fair
Of earliest fame, while Ætna's realm
excels,
The Muse her future glories shall de-
clare;

Her gorgeous feasts, her coursers proud,
Her choirs to chant the victor's lay —
O thou, whose radiant sway
Delos and Lycia rules; whose haunt is
still
The mount that pours Castalia's rill;
Accept thy suppliant's prayer; her streets
with heroes crowd.

STROPHE III.

Good the gods alone dispense;
All arts, all worth from them we trace;
And Wit, and Might, and Eloquence
Are but the gifts divine of bounteous
Nature's grace.
But thou this prince's praise to sing
Intent, as some the brazen javelin wield,
Urge not thy song beside the field,
But forward far, where rivals ne'er can
fling.
Unchanging Fortune's golden shower,
With Virtue's goodlier boon, the cloud-
less mind,
Time on his state benignant pour,
And calm Oblivion shade the toils
behind.

ANTISTROPHE III.

Still shall Memory's rolls attest
The wars he waged, the fields he won,
While patient bravery nerved his
 breast ;
What honours sent from heaven around
 their temples shone,
By Grecian hand ne'er pluckt before,
To crown their wealth a glorious dia-
 dem.
His dauntless mind with pangs extreme,
Though rackt, war's toil, like Philoctetes,
 bore :
Princes his aid with flattery sought,
And wooed, by Fortune prest, his
 saving power.
'T was thus the Hellenian heroes brought
From Lemnian rocks, in Troy's dis-
 astrous hour,

EPODE III.

Pæan's brave son, with wasting wound,
Though weak and worn, whose fatal
 bow
Razed Priam's Ilion to the ground.

He closed the lingering toils of Greece, ⁴
 With powerless frame advancing slow;
 For such was Fate's decree.
 Thus may some healing god henceforth
 increase
 Great Hiero's weal, and Opportunity
 Wait on his wish! — For young Di-
 nomenes
 Wake now, my Muse, thy cheering
 lyre,
 And sing the conquering sire;
 By sire like him quadrigal chaplets won
 Grieve not, I ween, the aspiring son;
 Wake, then, for Ætna's king thy grate-
 ful minstrelsies.

STROPHE IV.

Blest with freedom, heaven bestowed,
 For him sage Hiero planned the place,
 And building on the Hyllæan code
 Founded their polity. The free Pam-
 phylian race,
 From great Alcides sprung, that dwell
 On the green skirts of high Taygetus,
 Still hold the Ægimian law, the Dorian
 use.

They from the cliffs of Pindus issuing
fell
On sackt Amyclæ's prosperous plain,
By whose famed border the Tyndærean
host
Their milk-white steeds illustrious train ;
Such martial sires the tribes of Ætna
boast.

ANTISTROPHE IV.

Mighty Jove, to those, that live
By fruitful Amena's murmuring tide,
Subjects and prince, like freedom give,
By Truth's unerring rule their faultless
course to guide.
Inspired by thee, by practice sage,
His son's, his people's steps the sire
shall lead
The tranquil paths of Peace to tread.
Bid, son of Saturn, the Phœnicians' rage
In calm domestic arts subside,
Yon Tuscan rout remember in retreat
Their comrades' groans on Cumæ's
tide,
With tarnished ensigns strewed and
foundering fleet.

EPODE IV.

Such was the wild promiscuous wreck
Wrought by the Syracusan stroke,
Whose captain from the towering deck
Dasht to the deep their vanquisht
 throng,
And knapt in twain the barbarous
 yoke.
When Athens asks my praise,
From Salamis I'll date the swelling
 song ;
Cithæron's field the Spartan's fame shall
 raise,
Where Persia's boasted archery fell :
But when, Dinomenes, the lyre
Thy conquering sons inspire,
Oh, then, from Himera's banks the
 glittering bough
I'll pluck to plant on Virtue's brow,
And bid those echoing shores their foes'
 disasters tell.

STROPHE V.

Wouldst thou foil the censorer's sneer,
Thy copious theme in narrowest pale

Confine ; nor pall the impatient ear
That throbs for fresh delights, and
loathes the lengthening tale.
With forced applause, with grief profound,
The vulgar audience listens to the lays
That swell the prosperous stranger's
praise :
Yet since the flatterer Envy's deadliest
wound
Pains not the brave like Pity's tear,
Cling thou to Good ; thy vessel's martial throng
With the sure helm of Justice steer
And on Truth's anvil steel thy guarded
tongue ;

ANTISTROPHE V.

Sparks of mischief struck from thee
Spread far and wide the authentic flame :
Thousands observe thy sovereignty ;
A thousand listening ears bear witness
to thy shame.
If yet Fame's dulcet voice to hear
Thou long'st, still crowned to stand at
Virtue's post,

Oh ! shrink not from the worthless cost ;
But, like a brave and liberal captain,
 spare
Thy spreading canvass to the wind.
Trust not, my friend, to Flattery's ill-
 bought breath :
Glory, whose living lamp behind
Departed mortals gilds the shrine of
 death,

EPODE V.

Bids History's pomp on Goodness
 wait ;
And rouses the rewarding strain
To sound the triumphs of the great.
Still Cræsus lives for kindness blest :
On Phalaris, whose remorseless reign
The bull and torturing fire
Upheld, the curses of all ages rest :
Him nor the festive band, nor cheering
 lyre,
Nor youths in sweet communion joined
With fond remembrance hail ! — Above
The goodliest gifts of Jove
Fortune the first, Fame claims the sec-
 ond, place ;

The man whose grasp, whose filled embrace
Both Fame and Fortune holds, life's
noblest crown has twined.





ODE II.

TO THE SAME HIERO

Victor in the Chariot-race

STROPHE I.

GREAT Syracuse, the splendid shrine
Of battle-breathing Mars,
Nurse of illustrious chiefs divine,
And steeds that pant for iron wars!
To thee, from glorious Thebes, my
strain I bear.
The conquering chariot's harbinger;

Wherein with fourfold team, that shook
the thundering plain,
Thy Hiero won the dazzling braid,
And crowned Ortygia in her humid fane,
Seat of the watery Dian; by whose
aid
With glittering rein and lenient hand he
broke
His youthful coursers to the yoke.

ANTISTROPHE I.

For oft the virgin Queen, that aims
The silver shafts of light,
Oft Mercury guardian of the games
Plies with prompt hands the trappings
bright;
When to the burnisht car he joins the
speed,
The vigour of the rein-led steed,
And calls the wide-domained and trident-
sceptred god.
The tuneful strain, fair Virtue's meed
Others on other monarchs have be-
stowed;
As oft the Cyprian minstrels wake the
reed

For Cinyras (whom Phœbus golden-
tressed
With pure celestial love caressed,

EPODE I.

And Venus made her priest and para-
mour);
Such strain to thee for favour found
Each grateful heart shall pour,
Son of Dinomenes! mark how, thy
praise to sound,
Seated before her peaceful cot,
The Locrian damsel trolls her lay,
With looks secure, her fears forgot,
And foes, thy power hath frowned away.
That moral to mankind,
As story tells, by heaven enjoined,
Round on his restless wheel for ever rolled
With warning voice Ixion told,
“With warm returns of gratitude
Requite the bounties of the good.”

STROPHE II.

Fatally learnt! A life of bliss
With Saturn's sons he led;

Whose heavenly friendship used amiss
To madness fired his impious head :
What time the matchless consort of high
 Jove
He tried, by blind presumptuous love
To that wild outrage moved. Full soon
 the just return
A strange unpractised pain he bore,
Two bold misdeeds condemned at once
 to mourn :
For he, a hero deemed, with kindred
 gore
His hands had stained, and first by fraud
 designed
The foulest murder of his kind ;

ANTISTROPHE II.

He to the secret bower unseen,
Jove's genial chamber, stole,
And tempted there the eternal Queen —
O, could man's wit his wish control,
His true dimensions learn ! A host of
 woes
Unlicensed Lust's indulgence knows !
Witness this thoughtless dupe, that
 wooed a shadowy cloud,

And made the enchanting cheat his
 bride :
Fair, heavenly fair, like Saturn's daughter
 proud,
Lookt the bright form his baseness to
 deride ;
So well Jove's art had wrought the flat-
 tering bane. —
Now in his quadri-radiate chain,

EPODE II.

(Rack self-devised) inextricably bound
He with stretcht limbs and doleful cry,
Deals his sad precept round. /
Meanwhile with love unblest that air-
 drawn effigy
In solitude her single birth
Monstrous produced : the graceless
 child
No reverence found in heaven or earth.
Now "Centaur " named, with passion
 wild
The mateless male assails
Magnesian mares in Pelion's vales :
Whence sprung the unnatural breed,
 whose wondrous kin

Their parents' twofold form combined;
The dam their baser parts confest,
The statelier father crowned the crest.

STROPHE III.

Thus to perfection God could bring
Whate'er his will designed —
God, that o'ertakes the eagle's wing
And leaves the dolphin's haste behind
In the mid sea; whose chastening hand
hath bowed
The lofty spirit of the proud,
And given to modest worth the imper-
ishable crown —
But here the unseemly tale we close,
Warned by the example past and ill re-
nown
Of starved Archilochus, whose verse
morose,
Whose malice was his feast. The
stores be mine
Of wealth and genius to combine.

* ANTISTROPHE III.

The first kind Fortune's gifts afford
Thy liberal hand around
Largely to lavish, sovereign Lord
Of states and hosts with glory crowned :
He that from ages past assumes to name,
From all the flower of Greece, in fame,
Honours, possessions, power, a prince
surpassing thee,
Vaunts with false heart and idle
tongue. —
O ! for a bark upon the boundless sea
To range at large, when Virtue swells
my song,
And spread, if bravery be the boast of
youth,
Thy glory from the strain of Truth :

EPODE III.

She saw the band to thee, the squadron
yield,
And thy green arm from manhood tear
The trophies of the field.
Unrisked, unbounded praise thy sager
counsels share :

All forms of fame thy deeds attend ;
Hail to thy greatness ! o'er the sea
Like rich Phœnician stores I send
My freight of eulogies for thee.
Accept with favouring eye
Our rich Castorean minstrelsy :
Touched on the Æolian chord its notes
 will fire
With raptures high the seven-toned
 lyre.
But praise on Apes let boys bestow,
Keep thou the course thy virtues know :

STROPHE IV.

Thus wisest Rhadamanthus won
The reverence of mankind ;
The fruits of conscience all his own ;
No flattering falsehood lured his mind ;
Wherewith, the sufferer's and the listen-
 er's bane,
Weak ears intriguing whisperers gain,
Detraction's pilfering priests, that live on
 calumnies,
Filching like foxes in the dark —
Yet what the gain their treacherous trade
 supplies ?

Like the dull net flung from the seaman's
bark,
They drudge beneath the deep, while
o'er the tide
My buoyant corks untarnisht ride.

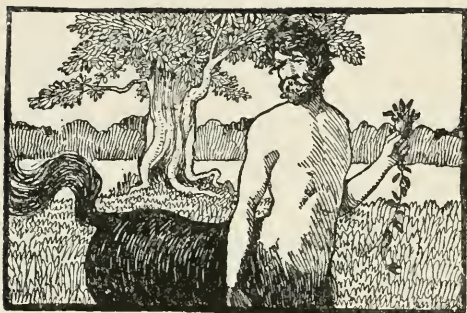
ANTISTROPHE IV.

No hold the slanderer's word can take
On Virtue's generous heart :
Yet fawning, flattering all, they make
The mischief, that sustains their art.
Boldness like theirs I boast not, to my
friend
Most friendly ; to my foes constrained
I am a foe, a wolf, that hunt them ev-
erywhere,
And by blind paths my prey surprise.
Truth in all states her fearless front may
rear ;
Whether proud kings, or fierce democ-
racies,
Or sapient peers the public weal main-
tain.
Strive not with God ; thy rage is vain ;

EPODE IV.

He for wise ends the virtuous magnifies,
Or deigns the worthless head to raise
With glory to the skies.
Still Envy rests not here : in faithless
scale she weighs
Her weak pretence 'gainst Merit's claim,
And in the struggle to be blest
Oft guides the wandering poniard's aim,
E'en to her own unguarded breast.
'Tis temperate Wisdom's care
With light contented heart to bear
Life's galling yoke. To kick the
pointed goad,
And wound the heel, yet keep the load,
Is the fool's cure. Be mine to use
Virtue's sweet converse and the Muse.





ODE III.

TO THE SAME HIERO

Victor in the Horse-race

STROPHE I.

O ! THAT good Phillyra's benignant son,
Old Chiron, from Uranian Saturn sprung
(If without blame a minstrel's tongue
With the world's prayer may blend his
own),
Could from the dead return, to reign
O'er Pelion's peaceful vales again,
And bear once more the generous mind,

Brute though in form, to bless mankind!
Such, as when erst his fostering care
The hero Æsculapius bred;
Who first taught pain the writhing
wretch to spare,
Touched by whose healing hand the pale
diseases fled.

ANTISTROPHE I.

Him Phlegyas' daughter bore; who
midst the throe,
While Ilithyia watcht her matron cries,
Pierced with the thrilling dart that flies
From stern Lucina's golden bow,
Changed by Apollo's power o'ercome
Her painful chamber for the tomb.
So fearful 't is for man to move
The vengeance of the sons of Jove
She in her frailty's wanton mood
The bright-haired God's approach repelled
(Whose love so late her wavering heart
subdued)
E'en while his heavenly seed her genial
bosom swelled:

EPODE I.

She to her sire unknown a prince adored.
No more the bridal feast or damsel train
She recked ; she stayed not till they
poured
In melting choir their hymenèal strain,
Or to soft airs for maiden meet
Warbled their wonted vesper sweet.
Her thoughts on absent raptures rove,
The torturing dream of all that love.
Fond mortals thus the gifts refuse
Of tendering Fortune with disdain ;
While Hope some distant trifle views
And hunts the flying prize in vain.

STROPHE II.

That fatal fault within her altered breast
The fair Coronis nursed : away she
threw
Her virgin robes, and madly flew
To clasp her loved Arcadian guest :
Unmark'd not of the Seer divine,
Whose victims heap the Pythian shrine :
There throned within his temple pale
Sage Loxias knew the unseemly tale,

By sure direct communion taught
The glance of his omniscient mind :
Falsehood beguiles not him ; nor act,
 nor thought,
Nor man, nor potent God his searching
 sight can blind.

ANTISTROPHE II.

Thus, while on love Eilatian Ischys
 bent
He viewed, his feigned pretence and
 deed unchaste,
To Lacereia's towers in haste
The god his vengeful sister sent,
Where rose by Bœbias' distant flood
The afflicted maid's forlorn abode,
Now by the Power, whose baleful sway
Lured her from Virtue's paths to stray,
Shamed and destroyed. The demon's
 ire
E'en 'mongst her friends the o'erwhelm-
 ing ill
Diffused ; as from one spark the gather-
 ing fire
Spreads through the distant woods, and
 strips the umbrageous hill.

EPODE II.

Now when by kindred hands the damsel
lay
Stretcht on the pile sepulchral, and the
flames
Ran round; "Mine offspring thus to
slay
My soul shall ne'er endure," the god
exclaims,
"Nor leave its parent's pangs to share."
Thus briefly, from the lifeless fair,
Whom with one pace he reacht (the pyre
Self-opening to the saving sire),
Away the struggling child he bare,
And bade the Pelian Centaur sage
Store its young mind with precepts rare
Disease and mortal pain to 'suage.

STROPHE III.

All those, whose sickly temperaments
betrayed
The natural sore; all whom the grid-
ing sword,
The whirling rock, had crusht or gored;
All whom the blistering flames had flayed;

All through whose limbs keen winter's
breath
Had blown the drowsy chill of death ;
(Whate'er the pang their frames en-
dured)
Each of his several bane he cured.
This felt the charm's enchanting sound ;
That drank the elixir's soothing cup ;
Some with soft hand in sheltering bands
he bound,
Or plied the searching steel and bade
the lame leap up.

ANTISTROPHE III.

Yet Wisdom's self the lust of gain be-
trays :
Him too Corruption with her rich
reward,
Her glittering gilded hand, ensnared
With impious art the dead to raise.
Roused at the deed indignant Jove
Thro' both at once his lightning drove ;
At whose dread shock and instant
blast
From both their breasts the spirit
past ;

So quick the flaming courier speeds.
Pour we to Heaven our humble prayer,
And beg the boon our mortal misery
needs,
By sad experience taught of what frail
race we are.

EPODE III.

Dare not, my soul, immortal life to
crave;
The practicable good strive thou to
gain —
But O ! that still yon mountain cave
Sage Chiron held, where this mellifluous
strain
With tuneful charm his heart might
move
Some healing power to send, from
Jove
Or Phœbus sprung, with spells endued.
To still the pangs that rack the good,
With him the bounding bark I'd
mount,
And ride the rough Ionian wave,
By Arethusa's bubbling fount
My kind Ætnean host to save :

STROPHE IV.

Him Syracuse reveres, her lenient king
Whose pride ne'er pined at Virtue's
 just success;
Whose love the unfriended strangers
 bless ——
O! could I reach thy realm, and bring
Health, golden Health, with Song to
 grace
The wreath that crowned thy Pythian
 race,
(Which late from Cirrha to thy shore
The matchless Pherenicus bore),
Then should thy glorious minstrel shine
From far with beams of goodlier light,
With two such gifts advancing o'er the
 brine,
Than yon celestial star to thy rejoicing
 sight.

ANTISTROPHE IV.

But to the Matron Goddess, in whose
 praise
Oft near my portal at the midnight hour
With Pan their hymns the damsels pour,

For thee my distant voice I 'll raise.
If, Hiero, thy discernment knows
The flower on wisdom's word that
 grows ;
Oft hast thou learnt from sapient age,
Guide of thy youth, this precept sage,
That "with each boon kind Fate be-
 stows
Two banes the chastening gods com-
 bine,"
Banes to the fool, but blessings to the
 wise,
Who clear the incrusting coil, and bid
 the diamond shine.

EPODE IV.

Thee Heaven hath prospered ; for if
 Fortune's eye
E'er beams on mortal, 't is the con-
 queror King :
Yet with unchanged, uncloudy sky
Not e'en for Peleus shone the eternal
 spring,
Nor godlike Cadmus ; tho' they heard,
To that surpassing bliss preferred,
The golden-vested Muses fill

With songs of joy their echoing hill,
Seven-portalled Thebes repeat the strain;
When this Harmonia's hand endowed,
On that sage Nereus from the main
Thetis, his glorious child, bestowed.

STROPHE V.

Gods from the spheres came down their
 feast to grace,
Where they their nuptial gifts from Sat-
 urn's sons,
Ethereal kings on golden thrones,
Took, and beheld them face to face.
Thus, for past cares and toils forgot,
Their hearts corrected with their lot,
The smiles of favouring Heaven they
 found;
Sorrow unseen yet hovered round:
Cadmus, at life's distressful close,
His frenzied children's furies prest;
Tho' genial Jove one for his consort
 chose,
And soothed his power divine on fair
 Thyone's breast.

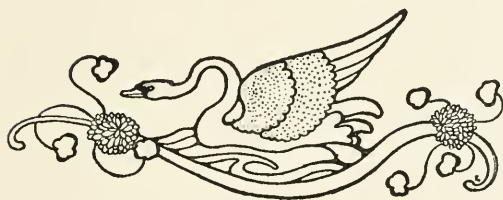
ANTISTROPHE V.

Peleus, to whom immortal Thetis gave
One matchless son, on Phrygia's fatal
plain
By shaft obscure untimely slain,
Mourned with all Greece his early grave.
If there be one, whose wisdom crowned
The unerring paths of Truth has found,
'Tis his with heart uplift to Heaven
To improve the gift its grace has given.
The winds that sweep the vaulted sky
Shift every hour their changeful way;
And when on man swelling Prosperity
In all its fulness comes, it will not,
must not stay.

EPODE V.

Humble in want, in greatness I'll be
great,
Still to my fortune's form I'll shape my
will,
My wit the follower of my fate.
Should some kind god my lap with
affluence fill,
To Fame's high peak my hopes aspire :

Sarpedon and the Pylia sire
All ages know, to all proclaimed
In sounding song by Genius framed.
Her title to the breathing lyre
Virtue in charge securely gives ;
But rare the hand, whose touch can fire
The immortal strain, by which she lives.





ODE IV.

TO ARCESILAUS THE CYRENÆAN

Victor in the Chariot-race

STROPHE I.

To-DAY beside thy friend Arcesilas,
The steed-renowned Cyrene's bounteous
king,
Stand, heavenly Muse, his minstrel choir
to grace ;

And swell the gale of triumph, as they
sing
Latona's twins and Pytho's plain ;
Where, while Apollo filled the fane,
His priestess, from her shrine above
Between the golden birds of Jove,
Decreed, that on yon fruitful coast
Battus should plant his alien host
Embarking from the sacred Isle, and
found
The town for chariots famed on Libya's
glittering mound ;

ANTISTROPHE I.

Battus the tenth and seventh of his
line
Thus destined to fulfil the eventful
word,
Which erst at Thera from her lips di-
vine
The raging daughter of Æetes poured.
'T was thus to Jason's godlike train
The Colchian queen address her strain :
"Hear, what my labouring soul fore-
bodes,
Ye sons of heroes and of gods ;

How Epaphus' child in after-days
From this wave-wandered isle shall raise
Within the precincts of the Ammonian
king
A root, whence cities proud, and peopled
realms shall spring.

EPODE I.

"They from the Dolphin's puny chase
Shall turn the generous steed to train,
And urge for oars the chariot's race
With tempest speed and flowing rein.
Great parent thus shall Thera shine
Of mighty states; so doomed by pledge
divine,
When in man's form the social god,
Where cool Tritonis pours her issuing
lake,
His country's symbolled soil bestowed;
From the high prow, that sacred gift to
take,
Down stept Euphemus; and consenting
Jove
Clanged the loud thunder from above.

STROPHE II.

“’T was when the parting crew on
Argo’s side
Their anchor brazen-fanged, her steady
rein,
Were fastening — (we thro’ deserts waste
and wide
Twelve tedious days proceeding from
the main
Our lifted bark laborious bore,
Hauled by my counsels to the shore —)
At that portentous hour alone
The God came forth: his aspect
shone
Gracious, as of a reverend man ;
And frank and kind his accents ran ;
As when some generous lord his enter-
ing guest
With cheerful welcome greets, and bids
him to the feast :

ANTISTROPHE II.

“ Yet briefly (for the excuse of sweet
return
Prest us), ‘ *his name Eurypylus,*’ he said,

‘*Sprung from the immortal Sire whose
billowy bourne
Shakes the loud shore;*’ nor more our
haste delayed,
But without parley from the ground
Snatcht the first pledge his friendship
found:
Forth leapt our hero to the strand,
With hand extended graspt his hand,
And gladly from the tendering god
Accepted the propitious clod;
Which late at eve washt from the ves-
sel’s side
Sunk in the brine, they say, beneath the
weltering tide.

EPODE II.

“Full oft I charged the attendant band,
Now freed from heavier toil or thought,
To guard it well; my vain command
Full soon their heedless hearts forgot.
Thus on this isle the immortal seed
Of Libya’s fortune ere its hour is shed;
For if to Tænarus’ sacred shade
Euphemus hence returned, that mystic
boon

By Hell's terrestrial gates had laid
(Yon godlike prince, steed-mastering
Neptune's son,
Whom Tityus' daughter by Cephisus'
shore
Erewhile the famed Europa bore),

STROPHE III.

"Then, when the Greeks went forth, as
go they shall,
From Lacedæmon, in the fourth descent,
And Argos and Mycenæ's swarming
wall,
His blood had ruled that boundless con-
tinent.
Now must he raise in strange embrace
With barbarous dames his chosen race;
That led by Heaven with fortune's
smile
Shall reach this rude sequestered isle,
And rear a mortal doomed to reign
The lord of Libya's cloud-black plain.
Him with abstruse response and hint
divine
Heard from the Pythian domes and gold-
encumbered shrine,

ANTISTROPHE IV.

“ Phœbus with fleets and hosts in happier
days
Shall warn the clime to seek, where o’er
the land
Saturnian Nile his fattening moisture
lays.”
Such was Medea’s lore : the heroic band
Speechless in fixt amazement stood
Thrilled at the marvellous truths she
showed.
Blest son of Polymnestus, thee
Portrayed in that proud prophecy,
Thee with her sweet spontaneous strain
The Delphian maid proclaimed again :
Three times thy state she hailed, and
gave the word
That sent thee crowned away, Cyrenè’s
destined lord,

EPODE III.

Thee to that shrine a suppliant sent
With prayers thy faltering speech to
cure —
Now prospering in the eighth descent
Still on the throne thy sons endure ;

Where in youth's prime Arcesilas
Fresh as the spring his purple flower displays.
On him with crowns the Amphictyons
wait
Given by Apollo for his Pythian race :
Him to the Muse I'll consecrate ;
Him and the all-golden fleece, whose
distant place
When erst thro' many a wave the Min-
yans found
Glories from heaven their temples
crowned.

STROPHE IV.

[But whence that voyage? what neces-
sity
Bound on their hearts its adamantine
chain?
'T was Pelias' doom by fraud or force
to die
By Æolus' renowned descendants slain.
For e'en his soul with wisdom filled
The threatening Oracle had chilled ;
That, breathed from Delphi's central
cave,

The wood-crowned Earth's mysterious
nave,
Bade him with all his kingly care
The single-sandalled wight beware,
Come when he should, stranger or citizen,
Down from his mountain hold to famed
Iolcus' glen. ✓

ANTISTROPHE IV.

All at the appointed time, with ported
spears
In either hand appeared the dreadful
man:
Shaped in Magnesian guise a garb he
wears,
That round his glorious limbs compacted
ran;
O'er which a pard-skin from the storm
Sheltered his stout unshuddering form.
His mantling locks unshorn, unbound,
In nature's wildness waving round,
Down his broad back illustrious shook:
Forward all bent on speed he broke,
Till in the forum halting, calm unmoved
Amidst the inquiring crowd his dauntless
heart he proved.

EPODE IV.

Unknown he stood — “Apollo’s mien
Is this?” some gazing wonderer cried,
“Or his, that wooed the Cyprian queen,
Whose reins the brazen chariot guide?
In flowery Naxos ages since
Otus and Ephialtes, daring prince,
Iphimedia’s offspring died:
Tityus, gigantic form, Diana slew,
When from her chaste and quivered side
Her huntress-bolt the unconquered virgin
drew;
That warned from joys forbidden men
might haste
The practicable bliss to taste.”

STROPHE V.

Thus they with vague surmise in crowds
discoursed
Listening and whispering; when in bur-
nisht car
Pelias with mules all panting thither
forced
His urgent speed. Astounded from afar
The stripling’s dexter ankle round

He spied a single sandal bound ;
Yet with disguised alarm, " Proclaim,
Stranger," said he, " thy country's
name ;
Tell me what matron born on earth
From her fair bosom gave thee birth ?
Let not the loathed lie thy lips disgrace,
But meet my just demand, and frankly
tell thy race."

ANTISTROPHE V.

Him with undaunted Virtue's accents
mild
Answered the youth, " From Chiron's
school I come ;
The Centaur's daughters nursed me
from a child,
And good Chariclo made her cave my
home.
Now, when by their kind care sustained
My strength its twentieth year has
gained,
For no foul deed, no phrase unchaste
From that sage intercourse displaced,
My home I visit, to require
The ancient honours of my sire ;

Which erst to ruling Æolus and his heirs
Jove in his bounty gave, and now the
Usurper wears.

EPODE V.

“ He by perverse ambition stung
The traitor Pelias, as ’t is said,
Their sceptre from my parents wrung,
Which they by right with justice swayed.
They on my birth’s eventful day
Dreading that lawless ruler, in dismay
My death pretended, and prepared
Domestic semblance of sepulchral rite ;
And female moans and sighs were heard :
Me swathed in purple, to the secret
night
Trusting their silent path, in Chiron’s
care
They placed, the nurturer of their heir.

STROPHE VI.

“ Such is my tale — Good people, tell
me true —
My fathers rode the milk-white steed —
where stand

Their stately towers ? — 't is Æson's son
ye view ;
I come no alien to a stranger's land :
My godlike host, the centaur Seer,
The name of Jason bade me bear."

Thus spake the youth : his father's
glance
Discerned far off the son's advance,
And the big tears of ecstasy
Came bubbling from his aged eye,
So swelled his bursting heart with joy to
find
His lost illustrious boy the comeliest of
mankind.

ANTISTROPHE VI.

Thither in haste, allured by Jason's fame,
His reverend uncles, from the neigh-
bouring bowers
By Hypereia's fountain, Pheres came,
Came Amythaön from Messenè's towers.
Admetus and Melampus too
To greet their glorious kinsman flew.
With welcome warm and sumptuous
feasts

Jason regaled his honoured guests,
And freely without change or check
Threw loose the reins on Pleasure's
 neck :
Five days and nights in sympathy of
 soul
Plucked they the laughing flowers, that
 crown the social bowl.

EPODE VI.

On the sixth morn his plan proposed,
Its cause, importance, means, and bent
To all his kin the youth disclosed.
Forthwith they sallied from their tent,
In haste for Pelias' mansion bore,
And now already stood within the
 door.
The soft-haired Tyro's artful son
Spontaneous rose to meet the martial
 throng ;
When with mild air and soothing tone,
Dropping sweet words that melted from
 his tongue,
Jason the conference raised on Wisdom's
 base :
" Hear thou, Petræan Neptune's race,

STROPHE VII.

“Prone is man’s mind from Honour’s
arduous way
To verge into the tempting paths of
gain,
Rough in the advance and leading far
astray :
But thine and mine it must be to re-
strain
Our wrath, and weave our future weal.
I speak to ears, that heed and feel.
One parent’s womb, thou knowest, of
yore
Cretheus and bold Salmoneus bore ;
And we their grandsons thus look on
The glory of the golden Sun.
But when affection cools, and hateful
ire
Rankles in kinsmen’s hearts the decent
Fates retire.

ANTISTROPHE VII.

“ Oh ! ’t is not seemly thus with lance and
shield
That thou and I for honours ancestral

Base war should wage. Take all my
spacious field,
My flocks and brindled herds, I cede
them all,
Which from my sire thy daring stealth
Forced and yet feeds, thy pampered
wealth.
I grudge thee not, and view with ease
Thy house enhanced with spoils like
these.
But what I challenge for my own,
My sovereign sceptre, and the throne
Whereon sat Æson, when the law
divine
His horsemen hosts received, these,
Pelias, must be mine :

EPODE VII.

“ These without conflict from thy hand,
Lest ill betide thee, yield us back.”

Thus urged the prince his just demand ;
And thus e'en Pelias calmly spake :
“ Thy will be mine : but me the late
Remains of life's declining hour await ;
Thy youth now wantons in the bloom :

Thou canst appease the subterranean
powers ;
The soul of Phrixus from the tomb
Calls me, to bear him from Æetes' towers
And seize the ponderous ram's reful-
gent hide,
That saved him from the raging tide,

STROPHE VIII.

"Saved from the incestuous stepdame's
angrier dart.

This to mine ear a dream miraculous
Hath told : for this have I with anxious
heart

Castalia's counsels askt, that urge me thus
Thither with bark and band to speed —
Dare thou for me the adventurous deed,
And I will leave thee lord and king :
Jove, from whom all our races spring,
Be Jove himself our binding oath,
Witness, and warrant of our troth."

This compact to the chiefs propounded
they

With full consent approved, and parting
went their way.

ANTISTROPHE VIII.

His heralds loud now Jason bade proclaim

The perilous enterprise. Three sons of Jove

Unmatcht in combat at that bidding came,

The fruits of Leda's, and Alcmena's, love.

With these two lofty crested chiefs
From Pylus' towers and Tænarus' cliffs,
Enthusiasts of renown, and held

Men of tried heart in valour's field;

Euphemus this, from Neptune sprung,

That Periclymenus the strong.

Illustrious Orpheus too, the minstrel's sire,

Apollo's offspring, came, and smote the
inflaming lyre.

EPODE VIII.

Hermes, that waves the golden wand,

His youthful sons, Echion fair

And Erytus, with the venturous band

Despatcht, the rough exploit to share.

Down came the youths, that dwelt
below
Pangæum's wintry base: for Boreas
now
Pleased with such service, king of storms,
Sent forth in haste his wondrous progeny
Zetas and Calais, mortal forms,
With plume-rough backs and purple
wings to fly.
Juno their hearts with sweet persuasive
zeal
Inspired to bound on Argo's keel,

STROPHE IX.

To court the tempting toil: that none
might long
To waste undangered on his mother's
arm
Youth without glory; but his peers
among
Find e'en in death the inestimable charm
That cheers the close of Valour. Now
Iölcus reacht in godlike row
Stood the choice crew: Jason their
look
Heroic praised, their numbers took.

By auguries watcht, by chances cast
Mopsus assured of heaven, in haste
The panting band embarkt, and from
 below
The lifted anchor hung upon the danc-
 ing prow.

ANTISTROPHE IX.

High on the stern a golden goblet
 reared
The chief, and to the sire of all the
 gods,
The lightning-lanced Jove, his prayer
 preferred ;
Invoked the powers, that sway the winds
 and floods,
The sea's wild ways, the nights forlorn,
And smiling days, and sweet return.
Heaven's prompt assent in accents loud
Spake the big thunder from the cloud,
And playful poured in volleys bright
Its fractured beams of harmless light.
Paused those rude heroes, by that gleam
 divine
And sound ambiguous awed — Mopsus,
 that hailed the sign,

EPODE IX.

Cheered to their oars the rallied crew,
And with sweet hopes their hearts inspired :

At their stout stroke the galley flew ;
Tost from their blades the surge retired.
Soon by the breathing South impelled
To Axine's stormy mouth their course
they held ;

There to the billowy Neptune reared
A sacred shrine and altar marbled o'er,
And made their offering from the herd
Of Thracian bulls, that pastured on the
shore ;

Then, as the danger deepened, all adored
Of ships and seas the mighty lord ;

STROPHE X.

So their frail bark the justling rocks
might shun,
Frightful collision ! — Twain, self-
moved, they were,
Alive, with wild rotation whirling on
Swift as the roaring winds — In mid
career

The passing demigods before
Awe-struck they stopt and raged no
more.

Now, Phasis reacht, in converse sweet
The Greeks and dusky Colchians meet :
Æetes ruled the barbarous land.

Then first the Cyprian queen, whose
hand

Points the resistless arrow, from above
Her mystic Iynx brought, the madden-
ing Bird of Love,

ANTISTROPHE X.

Fast in his quadri-radiate circlet bound,
Charm of mankind: and incantations
strange

Æson's sage son she taught, and spells
profound;

Spells, that Medea's filial faith might
change,

And for fair Greece her feverish heart
Seduce from that wild beach to part.

Tought by Persuasion's gentle goad,

All her sire's arts and toils she showed :

Soft oils and antidotes she gave

Her Jason's beauteous form to save;

Till all prepared to Hymen's sweet control
Their mutual loves they pledged and mingled soul with soul.

EPODE X.

But when Æetes full in sight
His adamantine plough produced
His furious bulls, whose nostrils bright
Flames of consuming fire diffused,
Battering the ground with brazen tread;
These single-handed to their yokes he led;
And steadfast drove his furrowed line
Straight thro' the smoking glebe, severing
 in twain
An acre's breadth Earth's sturdy spine.
"Let him that ruled your vessel o'er the main
Do me this deed," the vaunting chieftain
 cries,
"And be the immortal Felt his prize,

STROPHE XI.

"His the rich fleece, that glows with
 flakes of gold."

Off, at that challenge roused, his saffron
vest
Flung Jason, and in Love's assurance bold
Closed on the task : charmed by his
bride's behest
Singed not his frame the raging fire,
Forward he drags the team and tire ;
Their necks in close constraint he joins,
Stirs with sharp goad their struggling loins,
And with stout arm and manly grace
Works out with ease the appointed space.
In speechless pang, yet muttering at
the sight,
Aghast Æetes stood and marvelled at
his might.

ANTISTROPHE XI.

Forth to their gallant chief the heroic
throng
Stretcht their glad hands, crowned him
with chaplets green,
And gratulations poured from every
tongue. —
Now to the secret haunt, where hung
unseen
The glittering skin by Phrixus spread,

Sol's wondrous son the strangers led ;
Nor weened that mortal enterprise
Could from that toil triumphant rise.
Deep in a dark defile it lay :
A ravening dragon watcht the way,
In bulk like some huge galley, thick and
long,
With iron compact, and workt by fifty
rowmen strong.

EPODE XI.

But the time urges, and 't were long
The vulgar tedious path to tread ;
I know the readier route of song ;
And Wisdom follows where I lead.
Arcesilas, by art beguiled
The blue-eyed motley serpent Jason
foiled ;
With stolen Medea, Pelias' bane,
The boisterous Ocean crost, and Red-
sea flood
To shores, where now the heroic train
'Mong Lemnian wives, stained with their
husbands' blood,
Vied for the mantle prize in naked grace,
And claspt them in their warm embrace.

STROPHE XII.

On that famed day or night, by Fate's
decree
'Mong tribes barbarian on a distant
strand
Dawned the first beam of thy great des-
tiny.
There first the race that shall for ages
stand,
Of proud Euphemus hailed the day
With Spartan dames and customs they
Mingling and swarming forth erewhile
Peopled Callista's beauteous isle:
From whence thy sires o'er Libya's
waste
Honoured as gods Apollo placed,
And gave with counsels just and laws
unknown
Cyrenè's realms to rule, and grace her
golden throne.

ANTISTROPHE XII.

Use now the wit of Œdipus profound —
If one with sharpened axe and reckless
stroke

Lops as he lists the sightly branches
 round
And shames the honours of the spreading
 oak :
Tho' fruit thereon no longer glows,
Still her proud bulk and strength she
 shows,
What time in winter's hour of need
The crackling hearth her fragments feed ;
Or stretcht along the lengthening row
Of stateliest columns reared below
Some stranger's pressing palace she sus-
 tains
With firm unfailing trunk, forced from
 the unsheltered plains.

EPODE XII.

Thou art the leech, the times require,
And Pæan speeds thy skill profound ;
With lenient hand, relenting sire,
Soften and heal thy subjects' wound.
The worst, the weakest from its base
A state with ease may shake ; but to re-
 place
The accomplisht pile is power indeed,
Unless some guardian spirit in his love

Seize the loose helm, the leaders lead.
For thee that grace the favouring Fates
 have wove.
Oh! dare then for thy loved Cyrenè's
 weal
Strain all thy strength, use all thy zeal.

STROPHE XIII.

A goodly messenger, as Homer sings
(Heed thou the tuneful sage), acceptance
 gives
And estimation to the charge he brings.
So from her virtuous theme the Muse
 derives
Honour and grace. The illustrious
 house
Of Battus, all thy realm allows
Damophilus unmatched in truth,
Generous and just; 'mong boys a
 youth,
In counsel provident and sage
As one that boasts a century's age.
He of its sparkling jest the slanderous
 tongue
Bereaves : with honest hate he meets the
 oppressor's wrong.

ANTISTROPHE XIII.

Thus with the wise and good no strife
hath he,
Ardent and urgent of his upright plan;
For well he knows, that Opportunity
(Which he observes, not serves) rests not
with man
A moment's pause. 'T is bitterest pain
To know, yet need, and crave in vain
The sweets that friends and freedom
give:
Thus doth this suffering Atlas strive,
From wealth and kin and country driven,
Against thy weight, his pressing heaven.
Yet Jove the Titans loosed, and when
the gale
Vexes the deep no more, we furl the
useless sail.

EPODE XIII.

Worn out with lingering ills, his prayer
Is still to greet his native plain,
By Cyrè's fount the feast to share
And yield to youth his soul again.
There ranked among the minstrel choir

To touch with gifted hand the burnisht
lyre,
Warbling in peace his harmless lay,
Nor offering to his foes nor suffering
wrong.
Oh! that his lips had power to say
What recent fountains of ambrosial song
Flowing for great Arcesilas he found,
Illustrious guest on Theban ground.





ODE V.

TO ARCESILAUS THE CYRENÆAN

Victor in the Chariot-race

STROPHE I.

WEALTH is wide-extended power,
Whene'er with genuine worth combined
Man leads it forth in Fortune's favouring
hour
And friendships throng behind.

Thee, heaven-enhanced Arcesilas,
These gifts thro' all thy glorious days
From life's first step, by Castor's grace,
Have blest ; who now with Pythian bays
Given from his golden car thy brows
hath crowned :
'T was he the threatening storm allayed
That shook thy prosperous house and
spread
The cheering calm, that brightens round.

ANTISTROPHE I.

Wisdom still with temperate hand
Improves the boon by Heaven bestowed ;
And thee, that walkest with Justice
through the land,
A thousand blessings crowd.
First as thou art the sceptred lord
Of mighty realms, and bearest combined
By Nature for that proud reward,
The ruler's eye, the sage's mind :
Next as thy coursers from the Pythian
plain
Have born the glorious prize away,
While Phœbus gives thee to display
The exulting pomp and choral strain.

EPODE I.

O cease not, while the song, that swells
thy fame,
Sounds through Cyrenè's echoing towers,
Where Venus spreads her sweetest bow-
ers,
God the great cause of all things to pro-
claim.
First of thy peers be great Carrhotus
styled;
He brought not to the applauding plain,
Where Battus' just descendants reign,
Excuse, repentant Epimethes' child;
But foremost in the chariot-course
By pleased Castalia's sacred source
The accepted stranger past, and round
Thy kingly locks his wreath of glory
bound.

STROPHE II.

Twelve times round the measured bourn
With heel unmatcht, uninjured rein,
Flew the swift steeds, nor tire nor trap-
ping torn —
Lo! where by Delphi's fane

Hangs the fair chariot (sound and bright
As from the sculptor's hand it wheeled
Beneath the steep Crisæan height
To the hollow plain and sacred field),
Slung from the cypress beam, the God
 beside ;
Where by the Cretan archers' hands
Hewn from one trunk his statue stands,
The rich Parnassian temple's pride.

ANTISTROPHE II.

Him with grateful heart we praise,
Whose deeds exalt his country's king :
On thee, Alexibiades, their rays
The bright-haired Graces fling ;
Blest in the minstrel's mindful strain,
Thy rare exploit's reward, to live :
Twice twenty chariots strewed the plain,
Thy wheels ungrazed, thy steeds survive :
Skill hath no place but in the brave
 man's breast ;
Now from the glorious games once
 more
His Libyan plains, his native shore,
The youth's triumphant steps have prest.

EPODE II.

Thus labour still, man's painful part,
remains.

Yet mark ! the same propitious Power
(The stranger's light, the nation's tower)
That beamed on ancient Battus, still
sustains

The throne he stablisht, and with gifts
profuse

Blesses his people. Him, 't is said,
The stately lions roaring fled :

His alien speech their awe-struck ire
subdues.

Phæbus himself, that led the way,
Gave their fierce natures to dismay ;
That no rude chance might stay Cyrenè's
lord

In his great course, or thwart the unerr-
ing word.

STROPHE III.

Phæbus dire disease's cure
To seers and sapient matrons shows :
He gave the lyre ; and on his favourites
pure

The inspiring Muse bestows
 (The Muse, that wins from ruthless war
 The softened soul to love and peace):
 He rules the shrine oracular;
 Where warned by him the Herculean
 race
 Sought with the Ægimians on Laconian
 ground,
 In Pyle and Argos their abode.
 The praise, from Sparta's deeds that
 flowed,
 Be mine in partial strain to sound.

ANTISTROPHE III.

Spartans born my favoured sires
 From Ægeus sprung to Thera came:
 Fate led them to the land, whose sacred
 fires
 With many a victim flame.
 Thence, Phœbus, thy Carneian rites
 To proud Cyrenè's mount we bore,
 Still hallowing as the feast invites,
 Her fair-built fanes and echoing shore.
 Thither Antenor's sons, Troy's brave re-
 mains,
 By hostile flames in ruin laid,

With Helen's Grecian wanderers fled,
And left their sons the adopted plains.

EPODE III.

There dwelt that race of warlike chari-
oteers,
To whose heroic shades the band,
That led by Battus rules the land,
Still slays the sacrifice, the altar rears ;
Battus, whose winged galleys thro' the
brine
Oped their deep passage. For the gods
High groves he raised, their dark abodes :
He the Scyrotan to Apollo's shrine,
Where the full pomp with prancing steed
Imploring blessings might proceed,
His spacious causeway planned. The
Forum nigh
Aloof the vulgar tombs his reliques lie.

STROPHE IV.

Blest his mortal part he bore ;
In death a hero's rites he knows :
Their sacred kings far off, the walls be-
fore,

In humbler rest repose.
Still in the shades beyond the grave
Our liquid lays their spirits hear,
Shedding soft dews and streams that
 lave
The living flower their virtues bear ;
Lays, that with them Arcesilas record
Their glorious son ; whose choral train
Now sing for him in sounding strain
Phæbus who waves the flaming sword,

ANTISTROPHE IV.

Him, who sends from Pytho's hills
The graceful song, that far o'erbuys
The cost of conquest, to the prince that
 fills
The praises of the wise.
'T is but the general tale : in wit,
In words, with age his youth may vie ;
Bold as the Sovereign bird, whose might
With wings expanded awes the sky.
His strength in contest, like the tower
 in war :
A child the Muses' haunts he knew,
Still on their pinion soars : and who
Shall guide with him the glowing car ?

EPODE IV.

All the domestic paths that lead to fame,
His enterprising steps have tried ;
And well the approving gods supplied
His purposes with power. Thro' life
the same
Grant him, in act resolved, in counsel
sage,
Blest sons of Saturn, long to know ;
Nor let the autumnal tempest blow
To blast the ripe abundance of his age :
Jove, whose high will exalts and moves
The destiny of those he loves,
Vouchsafe the sons of Battus to obtain
Like wreaths of glory from the Olympian
plain.





ODE VI.

TO XENOCRATES OF AGRIGENTUM

Victor in the Chariot-race

STROPHE I.

O LISTEN, while we till the flowery
field,
Where soft-eyed Venus and the Graces
reign,

Hastening with duteous step our vows
to yield
Within Earth's murmuring nave and
central fane:
Where for the Emmenian tribe re-
nowned,
And watery Agrigent, and great
Xenocrates with Pythian conquest
crowned,
Apollo's proud retreat
Enshrines, its golden stores among,
The treasure of our rich triumphal
song.

ANTISTROPHE I.

Song, that nor wintry shower nor driv-
ing hail,
Keen squadrons of the pitiless thunder-
cloud,
Nor weltering sands shall beat, nor
sweeping gale
Sink in the caverns of the all-whelming
flood:
But with fair front, that courts the
day,
Thine and thy sire's commingled praise,

Wherewith the world rings loudly, shall
display,
And tell in glory's lays
How bravely, Thrasybule, ye won
In Crisa's echoing vale the chariot-
crown.

STROPHE II.

There, while thine hand thy father's
fame sustained,
Well didst thou keep the precept, which
of old
Far from paternal care Pelides gained
From Wisdom's lips in Chiron's moun-
tain-hold ;
“ Before all powers to fear and love
The god that wields the lightning's
fire,
The deep-mouthed thunder's lord, Sa-
turnian Jove ;
Next, to thy reverend sire,
Thro' all his life's appointed day,
With her that gave thee thine, like
honours pay.”

ANTISTROPHE II.

Warmed with such thoughts Antilochus
the brave
Single withstood the furious Memnon's
force
Backed by his Æthiop host, and nobly
gave
Himself to save his sire ; whose fainting
horse
Paris with many a shaft had maimed,
And checkt his chariot's fierce career :
Whereat his ponderous lance the chief-
tain aimed
Full at the Pylian seer :
Moved at the danger, not appalled,
" Help, help, my son," the weak old
warrior called.

STROPHE III.

That voice unheeded fell not to the
ground ;
Firm stood the godlike youth, and with
his own
Ransomed his father's life. Thence-
forth renowned

'Mong youths of earlier times he shines
alone.

All hearts his generous virtues move ;
All tongues the egregious deed extolled,
And crowned it with the palm of filial
love.

Such things were fame of old :
Of all the living, Thrasybule
Most shapes his progress by his father's
rule,

ANTISTROPHE III.

Nor shines not by his glorious uncle's side.
Wisely his wealth he uses ; nurses well
Youth's flower, nor shrunk with vice
nor flushed with pride,
Gathering fresh wisdom in the Muses'
dell.

Thee, founder of the equestrian race,
Neptune, that shakest the billowy strand,
Thee and thy toils his fond pursuits em-
brace :

Yet with the social band
In converse mingling, sweet is he
As the stored cell-work of the mountain
bee.



ODE VII.

TO MEGACLES THE ATHENIAN

*Victor in the Race of Chariots drawn by
Four Horses*

STROPHE

TAKE, Minstrel, when thy glowing lyre
displays
The equestrian triumphs of Alcmaëon's
race,
Great Athens for thy theme, the proud-
est base

Whereon the structure of thy strain to
raise.

What country's native can we name
Sprung from what nobler house, the
applause of Greece to claim?

ANTISTROPHE

Thro' all our streets the talk, the gen-
eral tale

Dwells on Erechtheus' people; by whose
hands

Reared on thy Pythian rocks, Apollo,
stands

Yon gorgeous temple. Thither borne I
hail

From Isthmus five, from Cirrha twain,
And one distinguisht wreath from Jove's
Olympian plain,

EPODE

Won by thy matchless ancestry,
Illustrious Megacles, and thee.

Thy fresh success with joy we greet;
Yet sorrowing mark, how Envy's pace

Still runs by Virtue in the race,
Ill-paid Desert disasters meet,
And Fortune's wintry gales destroy
The fairest blossoms of our joy.





ODE VIII.

TO ARISTOMENES OF ÆGINA

Victor in the Game of Wrestling

STROPHE I.

O PEACE, by whom all hearts one friend-
ship share,
And mightiest empires stand;
Daughter of Justice, in whose hand
Hang the great keys of council and of
war: —

For conquering Aristomenes
Accept the Pythian crown we weave:

Thou knowest the season of soft courtesies,
The grace to take or give.

ANTISTROPHE I.

But when the aggressor's wrong thy
friends sustain,
And foes thy power engage,
Then dost thou roughen into rage,
And plunge presumptuous insult in the
main.
Too late the rash Porphyrion taught
Thy sharp rebuke, thy vengeance tries;
Taught, how secure the gain by Justice
bought,
How dear the plunderer's prize.

EPODE I.

Thou in his hour each vaunter has subdued :
Not Typhon's hundred heads thy watchful power
Eluded or repelled,
Nor he that led the giant brood :
Their feud the volleying thunder quelled,

With fierce Apollo's arrowy shower ;
Who now with favouring look receives
Xenarces' son from Cirrha's plain,
Crowned with his own Parnassian leaves,
The shouting choir and Dorian strain.

STROPHE II.

Nor lies that beauteous isle, where Jus-
tice sways,
Where Virtue's touch divine
Still warms the great Ægean line,
Far from the Graces thrown. From
earliest days
A proud illustrious name she boasts :
The chiefs her teeming cities yield
First in the games, among conflicting hosts
The heroes of the field.

ANTISTROPHE II.

Such are her glories — but the time
would fail,
The exhausted ear would tire,
From voice and soft enchanting lyre
Of all her deeds to hear the lengthened
tale.

But to my task — aloft the song,
Due to thy young exploit, shall spring,
Plumed by mine heart to bear thy fame
 along
High on her sounding wing.

EPODE II.

Thou in the wrestler's field the steps
 hast traced
Of thy stout uncles: thou nor Theog-
 nete,
With braid Olympian crowned,
Hast with thy Pythian proof disgraced;
Nor stanch Cleitomachus, renowned
For his huge frame and Isthmian feat.
Thus thy Midylian tribe enhanced,
Thy praise Œclides well displayed,
When to seven-portalled Thebes ad-
 vanced
The warlike sons his strain portrayed:

STROPHE III.

'T was when from Argos' walls their sec-
 ond train
The Seven Descendants led:

“The soul by nature bold,” he said,
“That warms the generous father, glows
again
In the brave son. Behold, behold,
At Cadmus’ gates Alcmæon wield,
First in the fight, the dragon’s motley
mould
That fires his blazoned shield.

ANTISTROPHE III.

“Adrastus too, by past disasters prest,
Now, with fresh heart upheld
By happier omen, fronts the field,
For future woes yet markt, at home un-
blest.
He of the Danaän chiefs alone
Shall come with whole unvanquisht pow-
ers,
Yet gathering sad the relics of his son,
To Abas’ massy towers.”

EPODE III.

Thus sage Amphiaraüs taught the throng :
Nor with less rapture round Alcmæon’s
brows

Will I the wreath entwine,
Less bathe him with the dews of song :
For he my neighbour is ; his shrine
Guards with its shade my hallowed
house :
As to Earth's central dome I came,
His spirit crost my startled way,
Tought with his sire's prophetic flame,
And told the triumphs of the day.

STROPHE IV.

God of the radiant bow, by Pytho's clifts,
Where thy proud rites sustain
The glorious all-frequented fane,
Thou on this youth the noblest of thy gifts
Hast lavisht : at thy feast before
The prompt Pentathlet's hasty prize
He snatcht, thy bounty, on his native
shore
Once more with favouring eyes

ANTISTROPHE IV.

Beam, I beseech thee, on the harmonious
lyre,
Which for the brave this hand

Awakens : Justice takes her stand
Beside, and guides the sweet triumphal
 choir.
May Heaven's regard thy prosperous
 lot,
Son of Xenarces, long sustain !
Tho' wise the weak account him that
 hath got
Great fame with little pain,

EPODE IV.

His life with wisdom armed, his counsels
 just ;
'T is not for man the blessing to com-
 mand ;
From God all bounties flow :
This man he raises from the dust
Aloft ; he lays another low,
And metes him with his chastening
 hand.
Three times thy brow the crown has
 won :
At home in Juno's Games decreed,
At Megara, and in Marathon,
Where might, not chance, achieved the
 deed.

STROPHE V.

Hurled by thy fierce encounter from
above,
Four champions prest the ground —
To them the Pythian judge profound
Doomed not the sweet return, nor smile
of love
From fond maternal grace to meet ;
Pierced with their sad mischance, alone,
By path forlorn they slink and secret
street,
The taunting foe to shun.

ANTISTROPHE V.

But he, that hath some recent glory
gained,
On Exultation's wings,
Lord of his hope, triumphant springs
To heights which Wealth's low cares
can ne'er ascend.
Yet ah ! how short the vernal hour
Allowed for mortal bliss to blow !
Fate from the stem soon shakes the flut-
tering flower,
That droops and dies below.

EPODE V.

Child of a day, what's man? what is he
not?

His life a shadow's dream! yet when
from Jove

The gladdening gleam appears,
Then bright and brilliant is his lot,
And calms unclouded gild his years —
Still, great Ægina, join thy love
With Jove's; thy realm in freedom hold;
And Æacus with sceptred hand,
Peleus and Telamon the bold,
And great Achilles guard the land!





ODE IX.

TO TELESICRATES OF CYRENE

Victor in the Race with Heavy Armour

STROPHE I

I PANT the Pythian triumph to resound
Of brazen-bucklered Telesicrates,
Whom all the deep-zoned Graces throng
to please,
The flower of proud Cyrenè, steed-re-
nowned.

Her, once a huntress mountain maid,
From Pelion's tempest-bellowing shade,

Trest with the radiant locks of light
Thy son, Latona, lured away,
Rapt in his golden chariot bright,
To realms where flocks unnumbered
 stray.

Where trees with fruits perennial stand :
He made her mistress of the land,
And gave the world's third continent to
 bloom

With nature's loveliest works for fair
 Cyrenè's home.

ANTISTROPHE I.

Forth from his heavenly car her Delian
 guest

Love's silver-sandalled Queen, with
 courteous touch

And soft reception, handed : she their
 couch

In modesty's becoming drapery drest ;

She bade the nuptial rite prepare,

Such as became a god to share

With powerful Hypseus' matchless
 maid —

Hypseus, whose throne the Lapithæ,

Haughty and brave in arms, obeyed :

His race from Ocean boasted he,
A hero's offspring, whom of yore
The nymph divine Creüsa bore,
Earth's glittering daughter, when to
Peneus' love
Her watery charms she gave in Pindus'
warbled grove.

EPODE I.

Reared by her father's hand, a damsel
fair
Of comeliest form Cyrenè grew ;
She loved not the dull loom, nor e'er
The task-retracting shuttle threw ;
Joined not the soft domestic train
In tame delights of feast or dance,
But with keen sword and brazen lance
Rusht on the ruthless savage of the
plain.
So watcht, her father's flocks securely
fed ;
When the first streaks of morning
broke,
The slumbers from her lids she shook,
Nor lost the precious prime on Sloth's
bewitching bed.

STROPHE II.

Her once the quivered distant-darting
God
With a fierce lion's rage — unarmed,
alone —
Struggling descried : whereat with cheer-
ing tone
He roused old Chiron from his rude
abode :
“Haste from thy sombrous cave,” he
said,
“And marvel at this martial maid :
Mark with what strength her spirit
strains,
With what fell foe the unequal fight
Her fair unpractised arm sustains ;
Tires not the toil her virgin might,
Nor freezing fear with danger prest
Ruffles her bold unshrinking breast.
Tell me what sire begot the generous
child —
Sprung from what wondrous womb,
among the mountains wild,

ANTISTROPHE II.

“ Holds she her shadowy haunt, tasting of
power
E’en beyond manhood’s license? Tell
me, Sire,
Doth aught forbid the hand of chaste
desire
From that sweet plant to pluck the
tempting flower? ”
Moved at the warm request, with mild
Relaxing brow and glistening eyes,
The greatly gifted Centaur smiled,
Then thus with counsel pure replies :
“ ’Tis soft persuasion’s secret key
Unlocks the gates of ecstasy.
Phæbus, with men, with gods above,
Prevails the same reserve of love,
That with concealed approach in vir-
tue’s guise
Ascends without repulse the bed where
beauty lies.

EPODE II.

“ But since with thee no falsehood can
 remain,
Some playful freak thy tongue divine
Impels this nescient mood to feign :
Thou learn from me a mortal’s line !
Thou, who the ends of nature know’st,
Know’st all her means ; the leaves that
 swell
Earth’s vernal bloom with ease canst
 tell ;
Number the boundless sands that on the
 coast
Of stream or sea the winds or waters
 beat ;
That with distinct regard canst see
All things that are, have been, shall be ;
If yet the weak must teach, thy wis-
 dom’s want I meet.

STROPHE III.

“ Thou ’mongst these glades hast sought
 this maid’s embrace ;
Hence shalt thou bear her o’er the swell-
 ing brine

To Jove's delightful garden, there to
shine
A kingdom's mistress, while the Island
race
Her state by thee collected round
People the plain-encompassed mound.
Meanwhile to greet the illustrious maid
For thee the reverend Libya comes,
Her fields with spacious pastures spread;
Thrones her within her golden domes,
And portions from her vast domain
An empire for Cyrenè's reign,
Wanting nor fruit nor flower, the beau-
teous place
Profuse, nor beast to rouse the raptures
of the chase.

ANTISTROPHE III.

"There shall she bear a son, thence far
away
On Herme's pinions wafted from the
birth,
To where the bright-throned Hours and
teeming Earth
On their soft laps the illustrious babe
shall lay.

Blest Aristæus ; they his lip
Shall teach the ambrosial food to sip,
And crown with immortality,
In nectar quaff, the gifted boy :
Guardian of flocks and folds is he,
Thence Nomius named, the herdsman's
joy ;
Agreus by swains the chase that love,
And Phœbus and eternal Jove.”
Thus Chiron spoke. The God his
words inspire
The nuptial rite to speed, and crown his
great desire.

EPODE III.

Swift are the movements of celestial
minds,
And short the path their wills descry ;
That hour the bond of rapture binds ;
In Libya's golden bower they lie.
There the bright walls for games re-
nowned
Still prospering boast her guardian
love :
Conquering the while in Pytho's grove
The son of proud Carneades hath bound

Her brows with glory's wreath, aloud
her name
Proclaimed : — him then in all her streets
With all her beauteous dames she greets,
Bearing from Delphi's peak the raptur-
ous prize of fame.

STROPHE IV.

Boundless is virtue's praise : yet he that
wooes
The wise, with sparing blazon will supply
The abundant theme, while opportunity,
That perfects all things, curbs the excur-
sive Muse.
This Ioläus practised well,
As oft seven-portalld Thebes shall tell :
He for one day from death returned,
With his choice blade's dispatchful thrust
Eurystheus pierced ; again inurned,
Slept with his godlike grandsire's dust,
The charioteer Amphitryon ;
Who, on Cadmëan friendships thrown,
Within the adopted walls where The-
bans ride
The milk-white warrior horse, illustrious
stranger, died.

ANTISTROPHE IV.

Mingling in dalliance high with him and
Jove,
At one great birth two mighty sons of
yore,
Matchless in fight, the sage Alcmena
bore.
Cold is the tardy tongue that will not
move —
Not burn for Hercules to sing,
Nor that beloved Dircēan spring
Remember, from whose bubbling stream,
With Iphicles, he drank. For vows,
With many a trophy crowned, to them
The loud triumphal choir I'll rouse.
Ye warbling Graces, on this head
Cease not your beams of song to shed,
That tells what chaplets from Ægina's
shore,
And thrice from Nisus' mount Cyrenè's
champion bore.

EPODE IV.

Thus to renown, from mute obscurity,
Struggling he rose. Let friends proclaim,

And rivals too, if such there be,
His labours for his country's fame !
Still keep the watery seer's behest,
That bids our veriest praises flow
E'en for the virtues of a foe.
Oft at the great Pentathlian feast
The fair beheld thee crowned with vic-
tory ;
And each her wish in silence gave
That Telesicrates the brave
Were but her darling son, or noble spouse
might be ;

STROPHE V.

Crowned in the Olympic sports, the
heroic shows
Of ample-bosomed earth, and every
game
Known in Cyrenè,—thy forefather's
name
Yet claims some brief memorial ere we
close
(Tho' almost quencht our thirst of
song),
To tell how erst the suitor throng,
Lured by the Libyan damsel's fame,

Antæus' daughter, beauteous-haired,
With brave pretence and various claim,
To fair Irasa's towers repaired.
Her with vain vows her courteous kin
Chiefs of high note had wooed to win ;
Her many a fond aspiring stranger
sought,
For nature in her form its loveliest work
had wrought.

ANTISTROPHE V.

Fain would they pluck the blooming
fruit that crowned
Her golden youth's sweet blossom : but
her sire
Ties more august, and loftier hopes
inspire.
He from sage lips and time-voucht
tales had found
How erst in Argos, ere the sun
Half his diurnal race had run,
For eight and forty virgins each
Danäus a youthful spouse embraced ;
Within the Stadium's listed reach
How all the blushing train he placed,
While heralds loud to all proclaim

The plan and prizes of the game,
Wherein each panting hero might decide,
As each in speed excelled, the fortune
of his bride.

EPODE V.

Thus for his daughter fair the Libyan sire
Fit spousal found. Her envied place
Fast by the goal, in rich attire,
He fixt, to close and crown the race.
“To him whose passing speed,” he said,
“Her veil first gains, the prize be due.”
Foremost Alexidamus flew,
And by her yielded hand in triumph led
Through troops of Nomads his accom-
plisht spouse :
They from their steeds with transport
new
Fresh leaves and flowers upon him threw,
While plumes of conquest past hung
graceful round his brows.



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